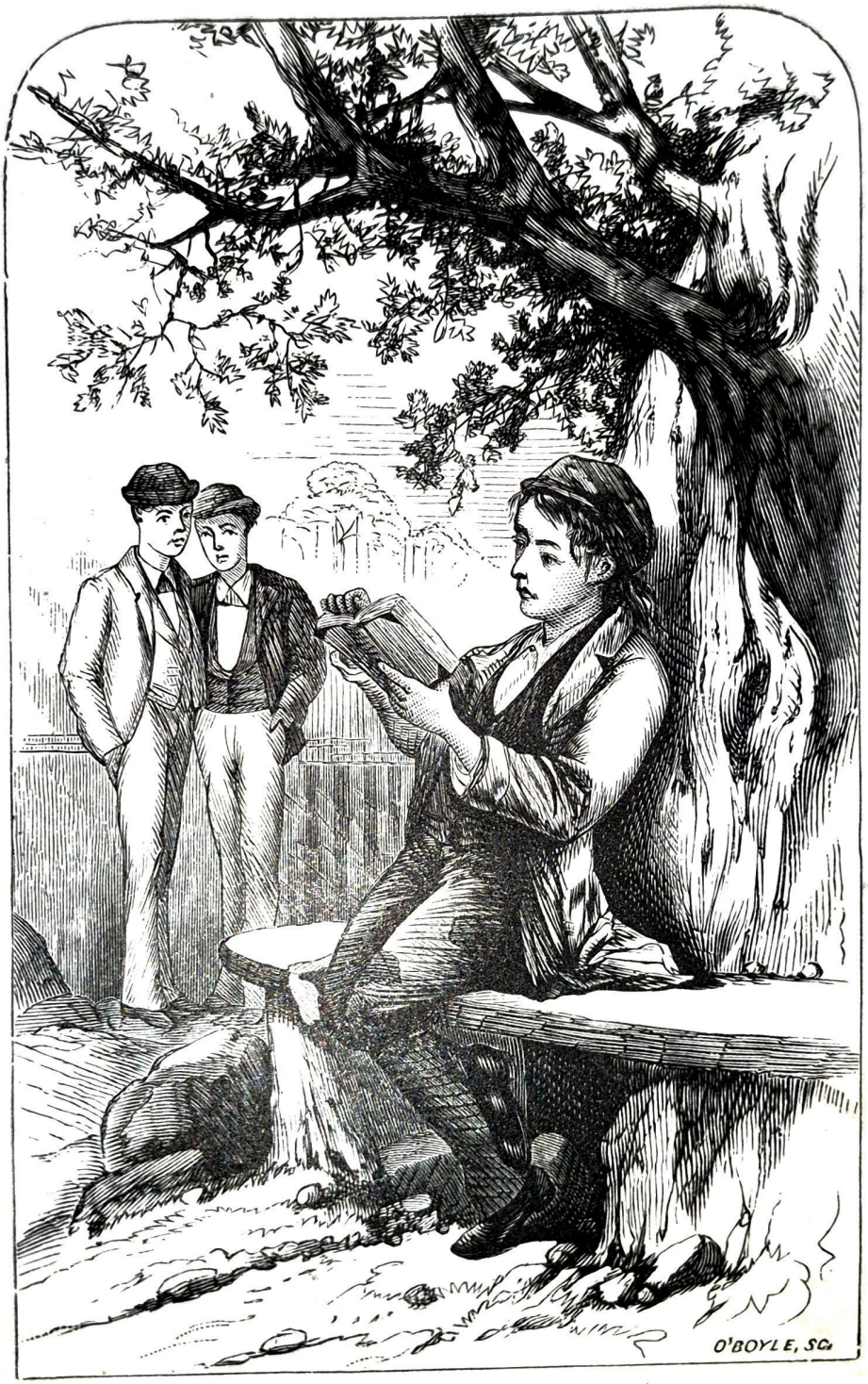
THE NEPTUNE

OUTWARD BOUND


O'BOYLE, SC.

THE

NEPTUNE OUTWARD BOUND

BY

WINNIE ROVER.

"SAIL on," O NEPTUNE, "strong and great
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
* * * * * *
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

—LONGFELLOW.

NEW YORK:
P. O'SHEA, Agt.
45 WARREN STREET.
1882.

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TO

ALICE, SIDNEY, EDDIE, AUGUSTA, EUGENE, WILFRED, AND IMOGEN,

Bright little sunbeams, lighting up a pleasant home among the Alleghanies,

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED,

with best wishes and earnest prayers for their happiness now and ever.

WINNIE ROVER.

PREFACE.

"ANOTHER new book!" I hear some one exclaim. "Will there never be an end to them? The market is already flooded with enough to suit all tastes and classes." That is true, my friend. So were the broad prairies last summer waving with ripening grain, which was gathered, stored away, and then prepared as food for man and beast. But with all this abundance, will the farmer take less care to prepare the ground this spring for another harvest the coming season? He knows full well that one crop will not answer the wants of future years. It must soon be consumed; then will come the cry for "more! more!"

The mind, as well as the body, is never satisfied; its desires are insatiable; the more it has, the more it wants. I knew a bright little fellow, who had seen the sunshine of some three summers. His good mother tried to teach him the usual lessons of politeness common to little people of his age and stature; and prided herself, like all mammas, that she had succeeded admirably.

One day, a lady kindly gave the little fellow, cakes and bonbons in such abundance, that not only pockets, but mouth and hands were filled.

"Now, dear," said the fond mamma, "what do you say to the lady for all these nice things?"

True to his childish instincts, and losing sight of the expected "Thank you," he replied: "I want some more!"

Hearing constantly this cry, "I want some more," echoed and re-echoed far and wide from the "young Americans" around me, thirsting for knowledge, how could I refuse to contribute my mite to the already abundant store?

A word of thanks is due to those authors from whom I have gathered precious pearls for the more instructive parts of my little work.

The connection of our Government with the late Ex-Emperor Napoleon III. has historical foundation, although varied somewhat to suit the purposes of the case, availing myself of the license so freely granted those who mingle fact with fiction.

Perchance this simple work may scatter a little seed, which shall produce an abundant harvest, and root out the poisonous plants that are springing up so profusely in our fair land

WINNIE ROVER.

MAY, 1874.

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NEPTUNE OUTWARD BOUND.

CHAPTER I.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

"GOOD news! Good news!" shouted Fred Prescott, a fine looking boy of fourteen years or thereabouts, as he rushed into the nursery, and threw down his books in one corner, hat in the other, and himself generally all round, being followed by a younger brother and sister.

"What's all this fuss about, Massa Fred?" called out Aunt Cilly, the colored nurse, who was putting the finishing touches to the morning toilette of little Lillie, the youngest of the troop, and her heart's darling. "You dun no how you discumflusticate me. I ar going to 'port you to missus if you ain't kerful—be a little civil—Aunt Cilly's gettin too ole for dis kind of a fuss."

But the lecture seemed to have little effect on Fred's buoyant spirits; they had been so often repeated, that like frequent doses of medicine, they seemed lost upon the merry boy.

Little Lillie opened her large blue eyes wider

than ever, and lisped: "Pees tell us, Fred, I want to know so bad."

But the wayward boy, who appeared the sole possessor of the precious secret, was not disposed to let it out so quickly, for giving his cap two or three tosses in the air, and then trying experiments with his sister's precious dolls, to test the strength of their arms and feet, by swinging them round first by one and then the other, he took a mammoth apple from his pocket and began eating it with true boyish relish after giving one to each of the little infantry around him; for his overcoat, jacket, and pants seemed well stocked with a supply for all.

"Now keep quiet, every one, I can't tell you the good news till all have eaten their apples, for it might take away your appetite," he added, laughing.

"You needn't fear, Fred," replied Harry, we don't lose our appetites quite so easy as that, and if we did, guess we'd find 'em again," and then the children coaxed in every imaginable and unimaginable way as children only know how to coax, but no attention would he pay to their entreaties until the last mouthful of the last apple was fairly swallowed--when looking very important as the children all gathered breathlessly around him, he first required from each a promise of the very strictest secrecy, doubtless that he might have the pleasure of communicating it

first to any one he chose. The condition was of course readily accepted, a great variety of voices shouting in the same breath—"No, I won't tell, certain true," "I promise for sure," "I won't lisp a word of it for nothing," etc. etc.

"Well, you all know Mr. Lawrence, my teacher, don't you?"

"Yes, I guess we do," said Fan, a bright mischievous little fairy, looking up from her doll which she had just rocked to sleep, "we ought to, any way, you are always talking about him and of all the nice things he tells you that are not to be found in dry, old books, and—"

"Well, Fred, what of him?" chimed in Harry, mounted on the new rocking-horse his father had just given him.

"Why, you know," resumed Fred, "he's a great friend of the President and Secretary of State, and as he is also a very smart man they wish him to attend to some government business in Europe and Asia. Perhaps you remember the plan Mr. Lawrence proposed to us some time ago, that if about twenty of the boys could get the consent of their parents he would take us on a trip around the world; but as he couldn't get just the vessel he wanted on good terms, he thought the plan must be given up. He just told us this morning of the offer made by the President, who will furnish a government-steamer for the purpose, so he thinks now it will come

out all right as he wished. It's now mid winter, and we'll not be able to start before April or May, but in the meantime we are to go to the Navy yard every day with Mr. Lawrence, and be well drilled in working the ship, because he says we must be our own sailors, only we'll have two or three old tars to help us along on the voyage when we get into a tight fix."

"Yes, indeed," said May, "I should think you would need them; your plan's perfectly splendid, I only wish I was a boy so I could go too. But, Fred, why don't you want us to tell about your trip?"

"Oh! just because I don't, that's all. I mean to tell ma and pa of course, but not everybody, for if we do, all creation will want to go with us, and we'll not agree to that I can tell you."

"Well, then, let's go and tell them now," said Fan, opening the door, and she led the way, all rushing pell-mell after her, till they reached the library, where Mr. and Mrs. Prescott were quietly seated, the one reading aloud from the morning paper, while the other was busy with her needle. They were both somewhat startled at the sudden interruption, each one of the merry children being eager to announce the news. All tried to talk at once, and of course nothing could be heard, until Mr Prescott in a quiet, firm tone said·

"Well, well, little parrots and magpies stop a moment, until you are a little more calm, and then tell us what has so excited you. I hope the house is not on fire, the gray ponies haven't run away, or any other great accident happened."

"O! no, pa," said Fred, "nothing of the kind, I would ask you and ma to guess the good news, but I am sure you never could, so I must tell you." He then proceeded to relate what we already know, adding: "Now, pa and ma, you'll consent won't you. I'll promise all sorts of good behavior at home and school if you only will. And, I almost forgot to tell you, Mr. Lawrence says he will take his wife, son and daughter, that he hopes to persuade some of the children's parents to go too:—you know, ma, the doctor has been telling you so long, the best thing you can do to get strong and well again, is to take a sea-voyage. Pa can leave his business with the other partners, and then all will be easily fixed—won't it?"

"So it seems, according to your arrangement, but there are many other things to be considered," was the reply, that you know little about."

"And all these little children, how can I leave them?" asked the loving mother as she fondly kissed two sweet faces, that were looking eagerly into her own.

"O! that's easy fixed," was the prompt reply

of the gay Fred: "May and Annie can go with us: and old Aunt Cicily will take care of Fannie, Harry and Lillie: you know, ma you've often said you felt as easy when she was with the children as if you had them yourself. Don't you remember what good care she took of them all last winter when you were down South; and how well and strong you came back to us? if it hadn't been for that terrible fever, you had last fall, you'd be all right now, just take this trip and you'll be better than ever!" And so urged Fred with true boyish eagerness. But it will be needless to follow the family through all the discussions that were held regarding the proposed trip. It is enough to know that after many obstacles were removed which at first seemed insurmountable, a favorable decision was made.

The party was to consist of Mr. Lawrence as "Admiral of the fleet," so they designated him, his wife and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, Fred, May and Annie, some twenty school-mates of Fred, the parents of two of them, George Harris and Frank Ingles, besides four old weather-beaten tars, true sons of Neptune; thus completing the ship's company.

As the government business must, of course receive first attention, the route was marked out in accordance with it. The President had received a private autograph letter from Napo-

leon III. desiring an amicable adjustment of some difficulties, that if not quietly settled, seemed to threaten the peace of France and the United States. Mr. Lawrence had therefore received special instructions as private commissioner, by which it was thought the matter could be arranged, without lessening the dignity of our glorious Republic.

The travellers were then to coast along the Mediterranean, mainly for scientific purposes, and passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, direct their course to Asia, when their future plans could be more maturely arranged.

One morning, soon after the incidents we have just related, Mr. Lawrence told his pupils he wished them to understand fully the object of the proposed voyage. "I do not intend you to go for mere pleasure," he said, "for I trust when we return it will appear that you have gained more knowledge than you would have acquired in double the time at home from mere books. I have marked out a regular plan for you all, and shall expect each one to follow it, exactly, at least as far as circumstances permit. When we have fairly started and become accustomed to our new mode of life, I shall assign to every one certain duties, both for the sake of exercise and your own improvement. I shall allow you to fill such offices on board ship as your behavior and qualifications permit—the highest positions

being for the most deserving. Each boy must stand on his own merits, this is the only way for you to succeed in the world when you become citizens, for you must always remember that no position however exalted will make you great and famous: this depends on yourselves alone, it would be far better to be a good street-sweeper or news-boy than a poor president or king: it is for you to *give* not merely *receive* honor from the position you fill. Your regular studies will be continued as usual To tell you the truth, boys, I expect all of you tc do wonders in this trip, and that will require more effort than you ever put forth before: so that when we return I trust the discipline and study together will have prepared those to stand 'A No. 1,' who present themselves for admission at the Naval Academy. I want to make something more of you than common, everyday boys, if you do not turn out honest, energetic noble men, I shall really be ashamed I ever had anything to do with you. Now to hard study every one of you. I am going to put you on trial, my boys, for the few months that remain before we start, watch you carefully in school and out, for if there are any whose conduct is not satisfactory, I shall not hesitate to strike their names off the list, for it will be easy to find others to take their places; I have already refused several applications. Now boys, if there is any good stuff in

you to make characters out of, this is the time to show it."

These words were enough to spur on the young Americans, to greater effort than ever, and most of them did work like Trojans.

CHAPTER II.

A HERO APPEARS.

ONE evening about a month later, as Fred Prescott and Hal Foster, another of "the Neptune's boys," as they called themselves from the name of the ship that had been chartered, were walking leisurely out of the school grounds, their attention was attracted by a strange-looking boy, sitting under a shady tree, busy with his book: "That Sam Jones is as odd a fish as was ever caught in the sea," said Hal, "I don't wonder the boys call him 'old Zach,' 'Jehu, and so on." And odd in fact he was, it would be difficult to guess his age, for his thin tall figure was encased in a variegated suit twice too large for him, consisting of a jacket originally gray, but covered here and there with many colored patches, pants of corresponding size and colors, which with a piece of a hat completed the motley costume. The remains of the cap pushed back from the forehead, showed a strangely earnest face, marked with deep lines of care, as if some great sorrow must be the constant companion of the forlorn looking being.

I tell you what, Hal," replied Fred; "I've

seen thinking lots about Sam lately; I've watched him when he thought he was alone, then he seemed to lose that queer, odd sort of an expression, sort of fierce-like, that he always has, and would look as mild as any one: the the big tears trickled down his cheeks, which he would brush hastily away, as if he was afraid some one would catch him crying. I guess the poor fellow has a hard time."

"I've found him that way too," interrupted Hal: "I guess it's because no one hardly ever speaks to him; 'spose he's lonesome, 'aint it queer he stays round school here so much?"

"Mr Lawrence thinks lots of him, I'll bet," chimed in Fred, "for he never snubs him as the boys do; and anyway he's a first-rate fellow, for the other day when that big blockhead, Jim Welcher was thrashing little Willie Fairchild, because he would'nt pick up his ball every time he dropped it, Sam sprang up like a lion, took Willie away, then told Jim he was ready to take as many of the blows as he chose to give him, but he must be ready to have some back, for there must be fair play all round."

"I guess Jim didn't accept the offer, did he?" asked Hal, for he knew that Sam had pluck enough to give as much as he received."

"Oh! no, he turned away and said he didn't care to be mauled about by a beggar boy."

"What did Sam do then?"

"O! nothing, but went off by himself, as if nothing had happened: but let's go and speak to him now," said Fred; "I never had much to do with him, but it won't hurt us to be civil at least."

"All right," was Hal's ready answer: "come on."

As Sam saw the boys coming towards him, he started to go away, but when they hailed him with a pleasant voice, he stopped, looked surprised a moment, and then sat down.

"How are you, Sam?" asked Fred; "what in creation are you always studying for?"

"'Cause I like my books, and they like me, which is more than any one else does," he added, a little bitterly.

"How do you know that?" continued Fred.

"They always make me happy, and I like anything that gives me pleasure, and people don't do that, so I like the books the best and stick to them."

"Now that ain't fair," exclaimed Hal· "you're such an odd stick that we boys never know how to get hold of you. But come on, Sam, let's take a walk down by the river, and tell us all about yourself; where do you live? how do you make the pot boil? who keeps you? or do you keep yourself? for some one said you hadn't any father or mother"—and Hal's voice grew a

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little gentler, as he thought of his own pleasant home and kind parents.

"Well, boys," said Sam; "I want you to tell me first, if this is one of your fine tricks: for my life, I can't see what made you take to me so suddenly."

"As sure as I'm a live young American, I was never more in earnest in my life," replied Hal, cheerily; "I don't think it's fair to trick that way."

"Well then come on, I'll go with you," and the three started off.

It was strange, indeed, to see the thin gaunt figure of Sam Jones hung so loosely together, that it seemed a miracle what kept it from falling apart, in his old patched clothes, walking between two such well-dressed, fine, manly boys as Fred and Hal. However as real, genuine boys are not very critical upon such points, the two took little notice of the contrast between them and their companion.

So you want to know something about me, boys, do you?" asked Sam, as they walked briskly towards the river; "then I guess I needn't tell you I'm poor, you know that already," glancing from his old rags to the neatly made clothes of his new friends. "I haven't a home or a friend in the world either." and his lip quivered for a moment, "except," he added, hastily brushing away the tears he felt

coming to his eyes, "the good God above, who takes care of me: yet after all, I can't blame any one for not fancying such a fellow as I am; for I guess there is'nt much about me to like; I'm not rich or smart, good-looking or cunning, and I've found out if you're not one or other of these you needn't expect many friends in this world."

"Well," said Fred; "I guess there's some truth in that, Sam; still you make it a little worse than it is, though it's bad enough any way. don't you think so, Hal?"

"That I do," was the prompt reply; "but to prove to you that we don't go in for such silly notions, here's my hand, Sam, and I'll stick to you as a friend, through thick and thin, fire and flood, won't you, Fred?"

"Yes, that I will, and through brimstone, hailstones and all sorts of troubles; that is, if you'll be as true to me."

"Never fear," quickly answered Sam, as his face lighted up; "I'll be all that, and more too."

"I'll pledge you my word with Hal," added Fred, as he gave Sam a hearty shake of the hand; "that you shan't want for a friend while I'm alive."

"Thank you, thank you, boys, I can't thank you enough; you're too good to me;" and in spite of himself the tears would make his eyes

blink, though he did not seem as ashamed of them as at other times.

"That's all right, Sam," chimed in Fred; "it's no more'n we ought to do: but come on, take us to your home, we want to see it."

Sam's face suddenly changed, and he looked grave and sad again, as he said; "O! boys, I haven't any home."

"What, no home!" exclaimed both in the same breath; "you live somewhere don't you? you don't die every night and come to life in the morn, do you?" continued Fred.

"Not exactly," was the reply, as he smiled a little. "It's a tumble-down sort of a place where I sleep, and a good ways from here: and I guess you'll think it won't pay to take the trip out there to see it."

"Yes, Sam, we want to go for the walk anyway, if nothing more, so come along and no excuses."

Urged thus, Sam yielded to the wishes of his companions and they walked away from the river where they had been watching the schooners, sail-boats, fishing-smacks, canoes and similar craft dotting here and there the calm surface of the beautiful Hudson. Quickly they threaded their way through the streets of the gay city, up and down dark alleys, by narrow lanes—on—on—Sam led the way, till they

began to wonder where he would take them: at last Hal said, laughing:

"I guess you live at the jumping-off-place of creation, don't you, Sam?"

"Pretty nearly, it seems," was the reply, and you'll be apt to think so in reality when you get there; but here we are at the very place," he added, as they turned a corner of the street and found themselves on the edge of an open swampy sort of a field.

"Well, boys, there's where I stay, I can't call it a home, but it's all I have," and he pointed to a few rough boards, placed endwise against each other, wigwam fashion. The boys stopped, looked at each other, then at Sam in perfect amazement, without saying anything. Meanwhile he moved away one of the boards thereby giving entrance to the hut: and as he led the way in, they followed, wondering what next they would see. In one corner were a few old pieces of board which served as the foundation for the bed composed of straw, dried leaves and rags, the remains of an old coverlet completed it: A few books and papers on a small chest, a tin basin and cup comprised the inventory of the establishment.

"Well, this beats me all to nothing," at last, exclaimed Fred, after a long silence of wonder; "what on earth makes you stay here? how do you manage to live? no wonder you look sc

much like a mummy buried in this hole of a place!"

"Oh, I manage after a fashion," replied Sam, trying to look cheerful; "do the best I can, get used to it, and when you do that the worst of it is over. You know they say 'eels get used to being skinned,' don't you?"

"It would take me a mighty long while to get used to this, I'm certain," said Hal. "But how long have you been here?"

"About two years. My father, mother, and two sisters died within a month, of cholera. The people in the alley where we lived were so quarrelsome that I could not stand it. So I put the few clothes that were left in this old chest, and came out here. No one seemed to care what became of me, and"—

"Well, you must have nine lives like a cat, to have stood it here all this time," interrupted Hal. "Where do you get your meals? You don't cook here, do you?"

"Oh, no! I earn a little money for errands and odd jobs at work; so I buy what I want to eat. You know I make the fires, sweep, and so on, at the Academy; I'm paid for that; then Mr. Lawrence lends me books to study. In winter I stay in the furnace-room; in summer under the trees till it's time for bed, then I come out here: that's how I manage."

"Well, Sam, it's getting late now, and we

must go," said Fred; "but we'll keep our promise to stick to you; you shan't live this way much longer; so, good-night."

"Good-night, God bless you both,"—and so Sam parted from his kind friends and watched them as they walked hastily away.

"I tell you what it is, Fred," said Hal, when they were at a little distance from the hut; "let's hurry home, bundle up some of the old jackets, pants, stockings, and boots that we've outgrown, and bring them here for Sam, with something for a supper. I know my mother will be glad enough to have me do so."

"Capital idea, Hal, that will just suit my mother, she's always giving away our clothes; hope they are not all gone; if they are, I'll give him those I have on, before Sam shall suffer any longer this way."

So saying, they began to run in real boyish fashion, urged on as much by the thought of the good they were to perform as to save time, for it was nearly dusk and a cold night in February. They soon reached their homes, which were not far apart; their story, quickly told, readily enlisting the sympathy of their parents. While the bundles were being prepared, Fred scribbled the following hasty note:—

"DEAR SAM:—

"We thought, maybe, these clothes would fit you better than those you have. If you don't wear them you'll be sorry

for it: no one will know where you got them. Here's a little money: go to the barber's and let him fix you a little decent, for your hair looks as if when you cut it the scissors went on where they should have stopped and stopped where they ought to have gone on. I don't believe you have eaten too much supper to-night, so mother sends some to finish off with. This is not the last you'll hear from us.

"Your friends *forever*,

"HAL AND FRED."

The bundles, supper, and note being ready, the boys started off. Light and happy hearts with nimble feet soon brought them in sight of the "wigwam," as they called Sam's hut. Fred walked quietly up to the entrance, so as not to be heard, while Hal climbed a tree near by to watch the result. Fred peeped through the wide cracks between the boards; he could plainly see Sam sitting on the chest with an open book on his lap; a candle was burning dimly beside him; he seemed to be thinking very earnestly, for his eyes were not on his book; he looked sad and pleasant by turns; he was probably thinking of his past cheerless life and of the ray of sunshine that had just flashed across his pathway.

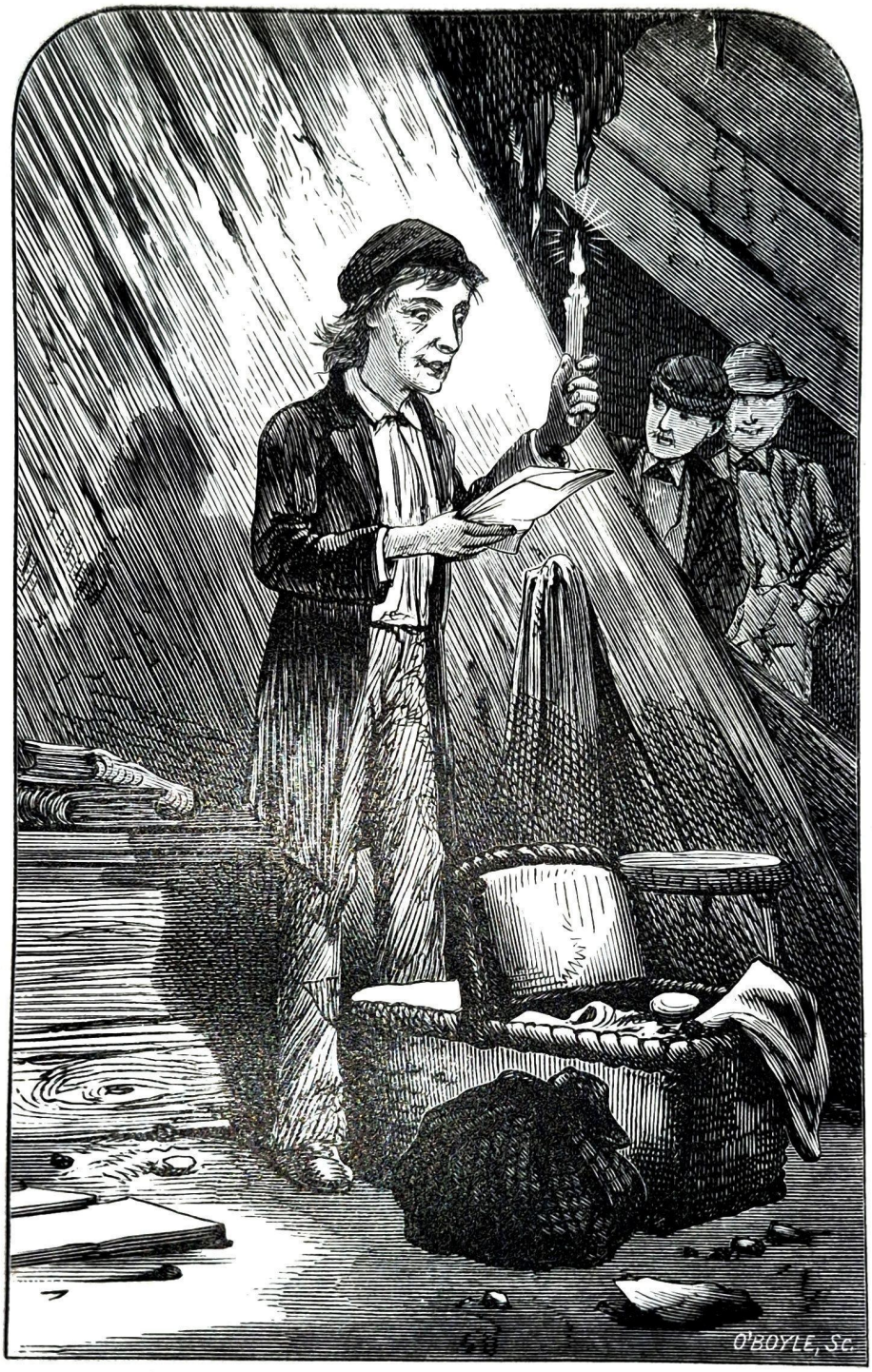
Having watched him for a little while, Fred placed the bundles and basket at the entrance, gave a loud, quick tap on the board, and then ran behind the tree. Sam came quickly out, looked all around, as if expecting to find some one. Not seeing any person, his eye caught the

packages on the ground. To his surprise he saw his name attached to both; he quickly took them up, went into the "wigwam," and closed the opening. The boys could not resist the desire to watch the conclusion of their little plot; so they stole cautiously up and looked eagerly in. The note first attracted Sam's attention; it was pleasant to see his pale, sad face brighten with joy as he read it. Then he opened the bundles—two pairs of thick jackets and pants, warm under-garments, stockings and boots, and a good felt hat which just fitted him; comb and brush, soap and towels, with a heavy blanket, and the packages were empty. Then came the basket: a bottle of nice hot coffee ready to drink, buttered rolls, sandwiched with ham, apples and cookies, so that as he looked at them he thought there would be enough to last him a week; and he began to eat with a hearty appetite.

The boys, having satisfied their curiosity, walked noiselessly away and returned home with all speed, for it was quite late.

But, dear reader, you and I will remain a little longer.

When Sam had finished his supper and looked again at his new treasures, he blew out the candle, put on his cap, and started for a barber's shop, not far off. Having finished his business there to his satisfaction, he returned to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the wigwam, wondering for the first time in his life, if any one had been there during his absence, but no, everything was just as he had left it; so he said his prayers as usual, but, perhaps, with more fervor, then rolled himself in his blanket, so nice and warm that it seemed to him like an oven, and was soon asleep.

The next morning he was awake at dawn, arose quickly, donned his new garments, having made good use of soap and water. He had so long been used to loose, ill-fitting clothes, that at first he found his new ones rather stiff; however, he was but little troubled by it, for he managed to take a good breakfast from the basket. Then "shutting up shop," as he called it, he started off to his usual work at the Academy.

As soon as he saw Fred and Hal, he hastened to thank them for their kindness. "Perhaps, boys, I'll have to introduce myself to you," he said, as he greeted them. "I've changed so much you may not know me. I'm Sam Jones, or 'old Zach,' as the boys call me sometimes. I just wish I could tell you how many thousand times I thank you for your presents;" and he placed a hand on the shoulder of each, giving them both a look of earnest gratitude far more expressive than mere words. "If you had been left as I have," he continued; "you would know what they are worth to me."

"Well," replied Fred; "I must say you have

changed a little—in fact, would hardly know you, but since you say you're old Zach, suppose I must take your word for it."

And indeed so great was the improvement wrought in Sam, that few would have recognized him as the forsaken-looking boy of yesterday. Yet this change was not wholly owing to his present neat trim attire, although that may have had something to do with it. His whole nature, interior as well as exterior, had been completely metamorphosed. Before this, he had felt as an outcast from society, a sort of supernumerary in God's creation, bound by no tie to a single being, having no claim upon any person or thing: but now he realized that he was a living, breathing, almost essential part of humanity, whose pulses throbbed with and for him. There was then a place in the wide universe for him as well as others, now he was to fill it and make his mark for good or ill upon those around him. As these and like thoughts flashed through his mind, he felt his whole nature awakened, aroused and ready for any duty or difficulty that might present itself. This, indeed, it was, more than change of garb that lent fire to his eye, color to his cheek, life and animation to his whole being. And what was true of Sam, may be also said of every boy and girl who reads this book. There is in the great wide world a place for each one of you to fill, a position to take, an

impression to make that will affect you, and others also, long after the act that caused it shall have been lost and forgotten.

Is the place assigned you high or low, wide or narrow, fill it with acts of kindness, words of love, and worthy deeds that you will never blush to own.

"I must say, Sam," said Hal; "you make quite a fine looking boy, you mustn't put on too many airs, or you'll throw us all in the shade; but where are you going now?

"Oh! to my fires and sweeping as usual, I mustn't forget with all my good luck, that I've work to do yet, and am still a poor boy."

"Well! after the fires and sweeping, what then?" continued Hal.

"Why, if I can't find any jobs of work on the street ready for me, I'll go to the furnace-room with my books."

"But why not come with us to school and study like the other boys? we'll make room for you," asked Fred.

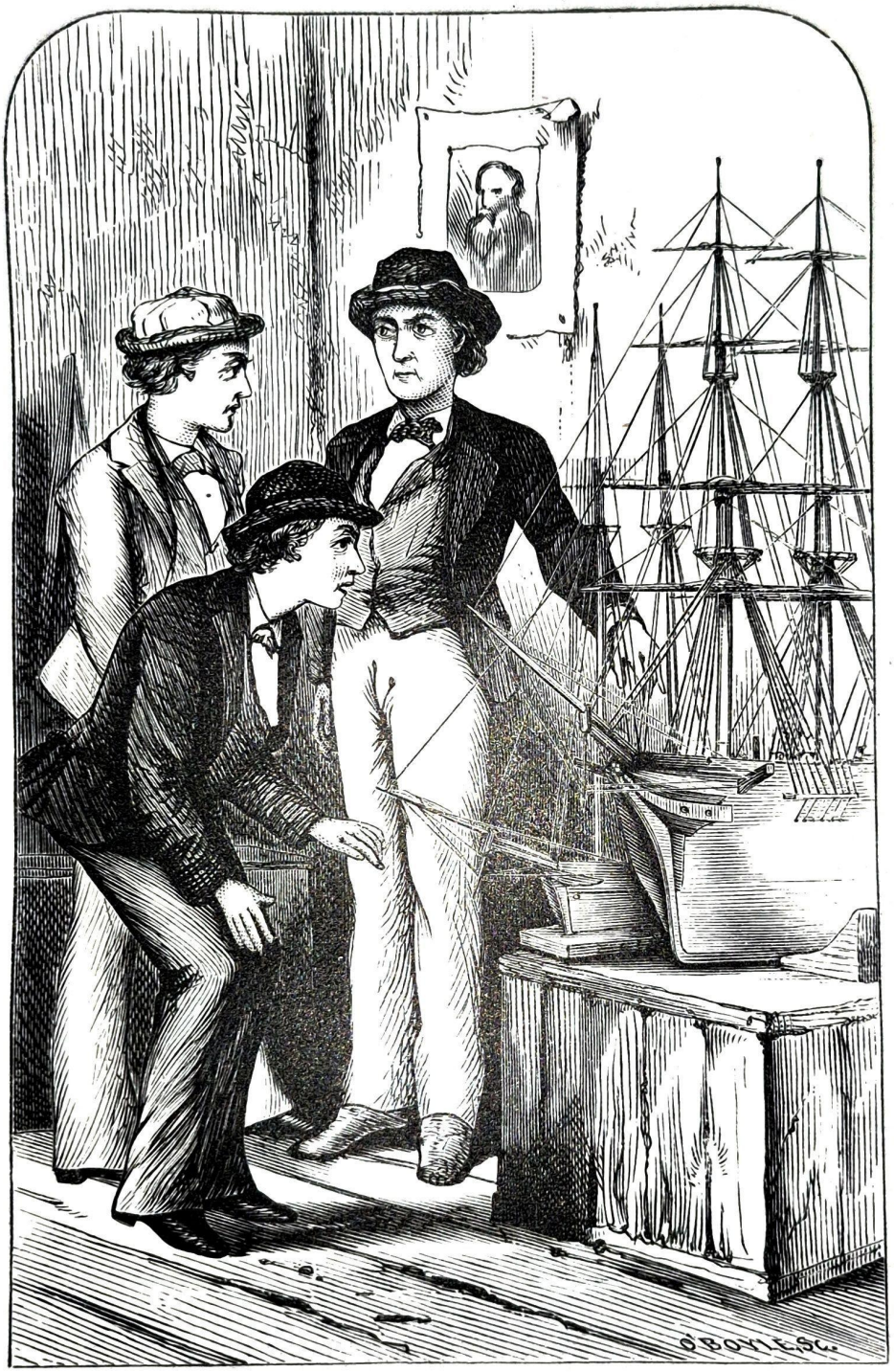
"Yes, but, you know," then he hesitated and finally stammered out; "you know I haven't the the money for it. Your fine Academy isn't for poor beggars like me," and his lip quivered in spite of himself.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Hal, as he laughed; "you're a pretty fine looking beggar, I must say: but come Sam cheer up, I guess

begging days are over for you, if I've anything to do with the matter. Let's go to the furnace-room, and stay till school-time, I told father of the little trick Fred and I played on you last night with the basket and bundles, and he said he'd like 'to have a finger in the pie, too,' so if you'll promise to do your best, he's going to fix it with Mr. Lawrence so you can go to school here all the time just like the other boys."

"There goes your father now," interrupted Fred; "he just went into Mr. Lawrence's house, so I suppose he's going to fix the matter now that's capital, three cheers for him, Mr. L. and 'old Zack,'" he shouted, as he threw up his cap Hal joined in with a hearty good will.

"My father's going to give you a lift too," added Fred; "he don't want Mr. Foster to do it all. He has a good deal of writing he can't very well have done at the counting-house, he would rather have it attended to at his private office at home. he's going to give you a trial, when you've practiced a little, and if you're up to the mark, he'll give you enough to keep you busy when you're not at school; so you can stay at our house all the time, unless you'd rather live in the old 'wigwam,'" he added, laughing. "And I almost forgot to tell you, Hal and I thought a little exercise wouldn't hurt us, so we got the the start of you and swept up your rooms before you came.



"Well, well, what next? I guess there's no end to my good luck to-day," said Sam, deeply moved; "I'll have to pray for a little trouble to sober me down, or I won't be able to stand it. You know that's what Philip of Macedon did, when all his good fortune came at once; hearing of the birth of his son, a victory gained by his troops, and the prize won by his horse at the Olympic games, all in one day."

"Never mind," responded Hal; "I guess you'll survive it; but come on with us and get your books, here's the furnace-room."

Sam led the way and the boys entered the rather dingy place. They noticed a few odd books and papers on a box: but their attention was soon attracted by two nicely finished, neatly trimmed ships: one a full-rigged schooner, the other a man-of-war, each about eight feet long.

"Why Sam," exclaimed the boys almost in one breath; "Where'd you get these ships? Who made 'em? What are you going to do with 'em? I guess they wouldn't have been shut up here if we and the other boys had known it; they're capital, bet they're good clippers any how: Whose are they?" and the boys were in admiration.

"They're mine, I made 'em," answered Sam.

"Yours are they? You made 'em! I guess you're fooling a little, come that ain't fair," chimed in Fred.

"It's a fact. I'm in earnest. I worked at them here, when I couldn't get anything to do on the street and wanted a little rest from study. I thought, maybe, I could sell them for a little something that would help me along. I'm glad you like 'em; you've been so good to me, and I'm so well fixed that I can't make any better use of them than to give one to each of you. So here they are,"—and he gave the clipper to Hal and the gun-boat to Fred—"I only wish I had something more for you, but it's the best I can do."

The two boys could hardly believe it possible that the beautiful boats were indeed their's, but as they began to realize it, they could not find words to express their joy.

"Oh! Sam, thank you, thank you—but it's too much—we haven't done anything worth all this—you must"—

"No, no," was the reply; "If you don't take them, I shan't like it. I'm only too glad that you fancy them, so say nothing more;" and he proceeded to build his fire.

"But, Sam," asked Fred; "how did you know anything about boats and ships? Did you ever see a real one?"

"Should think I had. I'm fourteen now—most fifteen—spent nearly half that time at sea. My father was mate on a gun-boat, and then captain of a schooner. Although I was a little

fellow, not more than eight or nine years old, I had such a fancy for the sea that father took me with him on two or three voyages; one on the man-of-war, and the other when he was captain. I made the most of my time; learned all about the different parts of the ship, names of the guns, ropes, sails, and masts. Many a time have I climbed to the top-gallant-mast and reefed the sail, and felt as safe as if I had been on deck. I've been round the world once, and half round again; and, if I had my choice, I'd rather be on sea than on land."

"Whew!" exclaimed Fred.

"Are these boats like those you sailed in?" asked Hal.

"Yes, I made them as near like those my father had as I could. Their names—'Flying Dolphin' and 'Ajax'—were taken from the ships in which we sailed. Sometime I will show you how they both work, for they are made so as to be used like any sailing vessel."

The boys listened in wonder and admiration. Just then they heard voices, as of some one approaching. Looking out of the low window, they saw Mr. Lawrence and Hal's father coming to the Academy door.

"There they are," said Fred; "come on boys. I know they want you, Sam, but Hal and I will go along to keep you company, and tell 'em who you are, in case they might not know you."

So saying, the boys started; Sam with his books, the others with their ships.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lawrence and father," said Hal, who acted as spokesman; "Fred and I have a new friend to introduce to you—Sam Jones."

"What," exclaimed Mr. Lawrence; "this is not 'old Zach,' is it? If so, he is very much changed."

"Yes, sir," replied Sam, accepting the hand that was kindly offered to him. "I don't much wonder you can't believe it's Sam. I owe the change for the better, all to these kind friends, Hal and Fred, and"—

"But, Sam," interrupted Mr. Foster, placing his hand on his shoulder; "I must say I am very glad to see you myself. I have been talking with my friend, Mr. Lawrence, here, about you. He tells me he thinks there is something in you to make a man out of, and I am going to let him try and bring out the man if he's there." And he looked earnestly in the boy's face, as if he would read his whole character.

"Thank you, sir," was Sam's ready answer. "I hope he'll succeed, and I promise to do the best I can to become a man that you'll not be ashamed of, for I have no other way to repay your kindness, sir, or that of Hal and Fred."

"I rather think, father," said Hal; "that he's more than paid us. Just see what we have here

to prove it," and the two boys held up the ships for inspection, relating all we know regarding their history as well as Sam's. The gentlemen were greatly interested in the narration, and expressed their admiration of the skill, as well as thorough knowledge of ships, displayed in the two specimens before them. By this time several of the scholars had assembled in the yard, watching attentively the group, probably attracted more by the ships than the persons. Mr. Lawrence called two or three of them to him, and having introduced Sam as a new scholar, told them to take care of him, make him feel at home, etc. They greeted him cordially, promised what was desired, except one Jim Welcher, who merely nodded coolly, then turned away, for, as he told some of the boys, "he smelled a rat," and "wasn't going to be sold in that fashion," for he just believed he was some charity-boy Mr. Lawrence had picked up to educate, as he was always doing." He never for a moment dreamed he was "old Zach" for then his contempt would have been still greater.

Ah! Jim Welcher, and all other children who read this story and are like him, be careful, very careful, for it would be well to remember that "tables are sometimes turned," and those whom you now despise may some day be in a position to despise you.

CHAPTER III.

SCENE AT THE LAWRENCE ACADEMY.

MR. HENRY LAWRENCE, principal of the boys' academy in B——St. New York, was thought by many to be a very peculiar man, inasmuch as his views upon schools and education, in particular, and matters and things in general, differed widely from the opinions of others. The "matters and things in general," we will pass over, only referring to his ideas of education with which we have more to do.

He did not believe in taking a wild careless boy whose head was more filled with marbles, balls, kites and swimming than with the straits, capes, mountains and rivers of Asia, whose names the teacher himself could hardly pronounce, and telling him mechanically this is A, that is B, C and so on through the mere alphabet of education, and when he had come to Z, or "finished the course," as they say, turn the poor automaton out on the world, and say to him, "Now go and teach others as I have taught you, make your mark upon society, etc;" a rather indefinite mark I fear, more like a straight line, which has length without breadth or thickness,

and never changes its direction. Such a being might do to teach the mummies in the Catacombs, but nothing more.

His theory was to regard every child committed to his care as a precious casket, the contents of which he was to bring forth, developing his character, tastes and inclinations wisely and skillfully, so while his pupils were studying their books, Mr. Lawrence was studying his pupils. He had often observed that the casket with the plainest exterior, like that of Portia, contained the most precious jewels. He did not say to his scholars, "Learn fives pages of grammar, geog raphy and history, repeat it word for word or you will have as many strokes with this ruler as you have missed words." Oh, no! that was not his plan, he would have thought a teacher who required such lessons, deserved the ruler more than the pupils. If it was a lesson in Ancient History for instance, he would say: "Now boys, to-morrow you are to tell me all you can about the Spartans, where and when they lived, these are the most necessary points, their character, manners, customs, most distinguished rulers, victories and defeats etc: learn all you can from your history, then refer to such other books as you can obtain, and let us see who can give most items in the fewest words; have your ideas well arranged and clearly expressed." This was the general method for all the studies. In

mathematics he taught the pupils to work for *principles* not for *answers*, which was often a puzzle to the new scholars, who had been so emphatically drilled in the reverse of this theory, that they found it next to an impossibility to think otherwise. This plan of instruction did not give a chance for idleness, earnest and persevering study was required from every boy, the mind, not merely the lips and memory must work.

As soon as the inclinations of a pupil appeared, his studies were directed accordingly, he did not try to make a lawyer out of one who should have been a mechanic, or a musician out of a civil-engineer. The result of all this training was that few failed to fill the position for which they had been specially instructed by Mr. Lawrence.

On the morning when our last chapter closed, as the Academy bell summoned the boys to their daily tasks, they obeyed promptly, our friend Sam among the number. After the opening exercises, there followed a half hour for study, during which time Mr. Lawrence proceeded to examine the new scholar. Having been his own teacher for so long, he had followed a rambling sort of course, so that he was quite deficient in some things, while far advanced in others. The aim then was to supply what was wanting, so as to bring about an equality in all. Mr. Lawrence soon discovered that Sam was no ordinary boy.

He had a certain cool determination of character which enabled him to control a naturally fiery temper and also aided him in overcoming the difficulties he might meet among his companions or in his lessons. Fred Prescott was quite a different person. Naturally impulsive and excitable, he was guided more by his feelings than principles. If anything interested him, he entered heart and soul into it, but as anything which is quickly heated, becomes the more readily cooled, so in proportion as his zeal and interest were suddenly enlisted, they seemed as speedily to abate, being exhausted for want of means to support them.

Having learned this much of our two friends, you will not be surprised at the various events which occurred in their after life, as the result of these opposite characters.

The bell for dismissal is always a joyous sound to all scholars, and, therefore, was hailed with delight by Mr. Lawrence's boys, who quickly manifested it by the usual whoop and yell each one gave as he crossed the threshold of the outer door, for silence was always enjoined within the Academy.

"Come on, Sam," said Fred; clapping him on the shoulder, "you're to go home with me. Remember, my home is your's now."

"Thank you, Fred, I'll go to-night, but not this noon. Mr. Lawrence asked me to dine with

him, as he wants to talk to me a little; then I have to go out to my wigwam this afternoon—get the things I left there; but I'll be ready for you when school's out."

"I'm sorry, Sam; 'spose it can't be helped, but I told our little folks at home all about you, and promised them you should come with me at noon; so they'll expect you; but I'll take 'em this boat, tell 'em all about it, and that'll be next to seeing you; so good-bye, Sam, don't make a mistake and stay at your dear old wigwam instead of coming back."

"Never fear, I'm not as fond of it as all that, good-bye;" and so they parted.

As Fred reached home, he saw eager little faces, flattening their pug noses at the window, watching for him.

"Where's Sam?" they shouted; "Why didn't you bring him? Ain't he coming? You said you would; now, that's a story, and ma said we mustn't tell stories."

"Never mind," replied Fred; "I'll tell you how it was;" and, having explained the matter, he succeeded in satisfying them by showing the boat, and telling them more about Sam; how he had been at sea, that he had no father and mother, etc. They listened eagerly, their admiration increasing with their desire to see the young hero, until it seemed as if they could never wait a whole afternoon for his arrival. In

the midst of their wonder and delight the dinner-bell called them, which they quickly obeyed.

In spite of their fears the afternoon did pass away like all afternoons before and after that eventful one, and soon after four o'clock, the same pug noses flattened against the window, rosy faces, and bright eager eyes, as we have before seen, were eagerly watching who should be the first to catch a glimpse of the boys.

"There they are!" "No they aint;" "now they're coming;" "no, it's only the Wilmot boys;" "oh dear, wish they were here," "my eyes ache stretching them so wide;" had been repeated over and over again, until at length their anxiety ended, for Fred and Sam did really appear. Then such a rush, one over the other, shouting and laughing for very joy, so that it was a miracle how they ever got to the hall door which they threw wide open and eagerly greeted Sam as if they had always known him.

"Let's go to the nursery," said Fan.

"No, no, to the library, 'cause pa and ma are there," chimed in May; and on they went, two having hold of each of Sam's hands, one pulling his jacket, while little Lillie toddled on behind, stopping now and then to pick herself up as she toppled over; something so common that neither the little lady herself, nor any one else seemed to notice it.

Fred performed the honors of introduction

in his blunt, off-hand way, saying, "Sam, this is my father and mother, this is May, that's Fan, here's Harry and Annie, and that little toad of a dumpling is Lillie, the baby;" at the same time giving her a swing over his shoulder, very much as a miller would take a bag of meal. The kind and cordial manner in which he was welcomed not only by the children, but by Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, made Sam feel at home at once. They listened eagerly as he told them something of his past life, Fred supplying what his modesty caused him to withhold. A call to the parlor came for Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, and the children had a chance to pour forth their questions, which were "neither few nor far between."

"Haven't you got any pa and ma, at all?" asked Fan, putting her hands on his knees and looking in his face, with her large blue eyes earnestly fixed on his.

"No, dear," was the sad reply.

"Didn't you go to sea? and was they drownded on the sea?" she persisted, spite of Annie's efforts to check her.

"You must'nt say drownded," said May, hoping to change the conversation and also to show the item of information upon this point which she had recently acquired.

"Why not, May? I hear you say wounded, and pounded, and sounded, and bounded—and

—and lots more just like them, I don't see why you can't say drownded too, what's the reason, pray?"

"Oh, 'cause you can't;" which really was the extent of May's knowledge upon that point, being herself often puzzled at the total want of analogy in her native language.

"Well, if you haven't any better reason than 'cause you cant,' I'm just going to say drownded till you can tell me why not *to*."

"You're a little goose, Fan," said Fred, "better make a grammar of your own."

After a short pause for breath and ideas, Fan again began: "Be you an Indian, Sam; you don't look like them in my picture-book, with a big red blanket, face painted all colors, and feathers stuck in your hair;" and she eyed him attentively from top to toe as if trying to discover some trace of the Indian.

"Why, Fan, what put that in your noddle?" called out Harry; "you mustn't ask so many questions; you know pa says we shouldn't."

"Why, 'cause—'cause for Fred said Sam lived in a wigwam, and ain't that where Indians live?"

Sam colored slightly, but explained the matter satisfactorily; then, as they were very anxious to see the working of the ship, he went with them to a little pond at the side of the house, and, having unfurled the sails, mounted

the mimic guns, and fixed everything taut and snug, he sent the boat flying over the water, having cast the little anchor at the rope's end on the border of the pond so that it could be drawn in when desired. All the children were in high glee from Fred down to Lillie; they shouted and danced, laughed and jumped, till Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, hearing the noise, came out to ascertain the cause.

"Oh pa!—oh ma! come, come!" shouted eager merry voices.

"I wish we was littler, or it was bigger, so we tould det in and wide," lisped baby Lillie, as pa and ma shared the general delight. "Is that like what you and Fred and all the boys are doin' to wide in when you do way off," she continued; "I hope you won't be dwonded."

"Yes, darling," said mamma, as she pressed her treasure to her heart, and thought who could love her Lillie so well if such should be the fate of those so dear to her; but, quickly banishing such gloomy thoughts, she turned to the happy group clustered about her.

"Now, Sam," said Mr. Prescott; "let's see what you know about a ship." The little sailor "hove to," the mimic craft, and first explained the names and use of all the ropes and sails from the "spanker's boom," to the "main-royal-mast," on which the broad pennant was flying, working each one as Mr. Prescott called out his orders in

true sailor fashion: "Mainsail haul! Secure the jury-mast-fothersail! Starboard the helm! Man the starboard-braces! Helm-a-lee! Brace the yards sharp up! Shift tacks and sheets! Helm-a-port!" etc.; through all the peculiar list of terms used by sailors; for Mr. Prescott, having spent much of his time at sea, was familiar with the expressions. Sam also showed equal skill in the management of the guns, so that Mr. Prescott was perfectly satisfied with his knowledge saying: "Go on, Sam; you'll make a sailor yet."

"That's just what he wants, father," said Fred.

They were just then interrupted by the call to supper, which all readily obeyed.

Mr. Prescott found in a short time that Sam was able to perform the duties assigned him, which consisted in the care of the house-office, copying letters and private business documents, which were to be kept on file. His new friends found that he could be relied upon being always faithful to whatever charge was assigned him. But do not think, dear reader, from what we have said, that he was a "pattern of perfection;" nothing of the kind; he had faults, and serious ones, too, but they often proved to him means of advancement in virtue, rather than hindrances thereto. On one occasion, his hot, fiery temper got the mastery of his better nature so far that he used not only hard words, but even

dealt hard blows among some of the boys on the Academy grounds. When Mr. Lawrence heard of the affair, he felt it his duty to punish as well as reprove. When the "caning" was over, and Sam "had shaken his feathers down," as the boys expressed it, he stood up before them all and said: "My quick temper got the upper hand of me; I am really ashamed for what I have said and done; if you, Mr. Lawrence, and you boys will forget it this time, I'll try to do better in future."

"All right, Sam, that we will," was the universal response, fully seconded by Mr. Lawrence himself, who afterwards told the boys, when Sam was not there, "that it took more courage and pluck to do that, than to fight all the boys in the Academy and city to boot."

The days and weeks slipped quickly by. February passed into March, and March was lost in April; the birds came back from their far off wanderings, and the flowers from their winter hiding-places, seeming to look around for the changes that had taken place during their absence. A week yet remained before the "Neptune" would sail. Although long enough notice had been given for necessary preparations, yet much remained to be done as usual at the last moment.

Twenty-five happy boys had received the consent of their parents to go on the voyage. The list had been complete about six weeks

before, and, although Mr. Lawrence had been frequently besieged with urgent applications, he positively refused to increase the number on any condition, whatever. This was a great disappointment, not only to Sam Jones, but also to his friends, for they well knew what a valuable addition he would make to the ship's company: even Mr. Lawrence, himself, regretted it as much as the others, but he knew if he made an exception for one, he must for all.

Three or four days before the time to sail, the boys received their uniforms, which, it had been decided, would be more suitable for them than a variety of costumes. There were two suits; blue jacket and gray pants, with belt and navy-cap, for ordinary wear; scarlet jacket, faced with white, and blue pants, striped at the side with white, for dress occasions. A gilt eagle decorated each shoulder. This seemed to complete their happiness, for the matter had been kept a secret from the boys until the uniforms were brought home. It was not expected they would be worn until the Company had shipped. But an incident occurred which seemed to require it.

As Frank Howe, one of the Company's boys, was returning quietly from school, a runaway horse came dashing full speed down the street, and, as Frank turned the corner, ran against him, throwing him on the curb-stone, causing such severe injuries that he died the next day. This

was a sad affliction, not only to his family, but also to his companions, by whom he was greatly beloved. At the request of his parents, they all attended his funeral; the Neptune's boys wearing their new uniform, and acting as pall-bearers and a body-guard. The solemn "Dead March" was played by the band of the Company. A touching sight it was to see those young boys, with bowed heads and sorrowful hearts, following their little friend to his last resting-place; where with heads uncovered, on bended knees, the last sad rites were performed, and slowly and gently he was lowered into his narrow home.

God grant the impression may not have been lost upon them!

The next morning, as the Academy roll was called, Mr. Lawrence requested the attention of the pupils for a few moments. He first spoke to them of Frank, who had been so suddenly called away from their midst in the bloom of vigor and health, filled with joyous anticipations of the future, and, having wisely cautioned them to prepare for a good death by a virtuous and holy life, he ended by saying:

"Don't think, my boys, that to be good you must always be very solemn and serious, and, as you imagine, then, of course, miserable. God doesn't require that; some of the most gay and merry people I know are the nearest to heaven while on earth. Neither must you keep your

religion for Sundays and funerals, to bring out on those occasions for others to see, and then to be put away carefully like fine clothes in a drawer or closet, for fear it won't last. Oh, no carry it with you wherever you go, and in whatever company you may meet; let it be a vital part of your whole nature, in fact, your very self; then will you have a sure safeguard against the many temptations to which you must be exposed.

Now there is another matter to be settled, boys, before we go to study. You know there is a vacancy on the list of the 'Neptune Company,' caused by the death of Frank, that must be supplied. As I have had a great many applications which I was obliged to refuse, it seemed to me the best plan would be to allow all the Academy pupils that are not going, to choose by vote one of their number to fill the place that is left open. Those in favor may rise."

Every boy was on his feet in a moment. "Now you may write the name of the one you choose, on a slip of paper, and I will collect them." Having done so, Mr. Lawrence began to count the votes; he smiled as he proceeded through the two hundred slips of paper, the boys watching eagerly and almost breathlessly, then he rose and said:

"Of the whole number, one hundred and ninety-nine votes are given for one boy, and I

expect that is a majority. We would probably have had two hundred if the boy had written his own name instead of that of another," he added, smiling, "the one chosen is—Sam Jones!"

For a moment, forgetting all thought of rule and propriety, each boy sprang up, waving, book, slate, handkerchief, or whatever he could get hold of first and shouted cheerily and heartily: "Three cheers for Sam Jones!" and then, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" over and over again, till the very walls shook; the boys only stopping at last from sheer exhaustion and want of breath. Mr. Lawrence and all the other teachers joining in from real sympathy and joy too, for Sam was the very one they would have selected, if the choice had been left to them.

Poor "old Zach" was nearly overcome at the great honor paid him, and also at the sudden realization of his dearest hopes. He however, managed to stammer out his thanks, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and then asked to leave the room, probably to recover himself. As soon as he had gone, one of the larger boys stepped forward, and spoke to Mr. Lawrence in a low tone, who nodded assent. He then mounted the platform and said:

"Boys, now we've voted Sam in, I just happened to think we might do a little more for him; if we can't go on that trip it won't hurt us to help those who do: you know he must

have a uniform. They say about sixty dollars will pay for the two suits, if each one of us two hundred, gives fifty cents, perhaps some a little more, we can make it up easy. What do you say to it?"

"I'm for it," "so am I," and 'I' and 'I, was the quick response from every quarter. And now all began fumbling in jacket, vest, and pants, for stray pennies, dimes, and quarters, and they went jingling into the cap which Mr. Lawrence passed around, those who had not any, promising to bring it in the afternoon. On counting the collection, it was found to amount to forty-five dollars and seventy cents. The balance was quickly made up by Mr. Lawrence and the other teachers.

The money that is brought this afternoon can be applied to furnishing Sam's trunk," said the Principal; "if you choose."

Just then Sam entered the room, which of course put an end to all further discussion. He wondered why the boys were not studying, but being soon occupied with his lessons, thought no more of it.

James Drummond, who had made the proposal regarding the uniform, soon after left the room, taking with him a boy about Sam's size, so that the tailor could take the measure, as there was no time to be lost.

Nearly all the boys returned to the Academy

at an earlier hour than usual in the afternoon; they were talking eagerly in groups, as if much interested in something.

"Who takes the money?" asked one and another, as they entered the grounds.

"Jim Drummond," was the reply.

"How much you got?"

"One dollar. How much have you?"

"Two dollars."

"I've four dollars for myself, and father told me to put in a 'V' for him," said Jim Welcher, in a tone that implied, "who can beat that?"

When nearly all the pupils had flocked into the yard, James Drummond mounted one of the rustic benches, and waving his hand and purse for silence, the boys gathered around him, and he said:

"Well, fellows, you've been so generous with your money, that I find we can buy a trunk and furnish it with whatever Sam needs, and perhaps have a little over. How do you like that?"

"All right!" shouted the clear voices.

"Of course we're all going to have it as a surprise, we'll give the uniform and things here the day before he starts. You know Mr. Lawrence promised us a holiday and picnic then on the Academy grounds, and it will be just the time for it, don't you think so?"

Caps were thrown up and cheers given in

assent, just as Sam entered the yard, ignorant of all that had passed, occupied with the one glad thought, his heart's earnest wish was gratified.

That noon he had hastened home at the close of school, to communicate the good news to his kind friends at Mr. Prescott's; they all shared it with him, for it had been their earnest desire that he should accompany them. Fred had anticipated him, however, having hurried home first, that he might tell his parents of the plan of the boys regarding the uniform, etc.

After dinner as Mr. Prescott wished some writing done, he went for Sam, to give him the necessary directions; he found the boy in his room, a little box before him, out of which he had emptied a few dimes and quarters.

"What are you doing, Sam?" asked Mr. Prescott."

"I was trying to see how I could manage to get my uniform; here's all the money I have, and I don't believe it's enough to buy a cap."

"Well, well, that's bad, what'll you do?"

"Indeed, I don't know; I am afraid I can't go, unless as a sort of common deck-hand. There's only three days left."

"I would advance the money for you, Sam"—

"Oh! no sir, I can't let you do that. I owe you too much already."

"I'll see if I can think of some way to help

you," Mr. Prescott added, trying to look serious: "There were two or three extra uniforms made, I believe, which if you raise the money, can be obtained even at the last moment. Don't be troubled, and I guess it will all come out right." He then gave directions about the writing and left him.

CHAPTER IV.

FAREWELL PICNIC.

A GAY and merry crowd of boys had assembled at an early hour on the Academy grounds on Monday April 15th, to make preparations for the grand farewell picnic. Additional swings had been put up, and under a fine row of shady elms, long tables were placed, almost bending beneath the weight of "substantials," which kind and generous parents had provided. They were at present covered over with long white cloths, so as not to prove too strong a temptation to the keen appetites of the children. At a little distance, a temporary platform had been erected, covered with an awning for the use of the "dignitaries" as the boys called them. About ten o'clock, a committee appointed for the purpose, accompanied by the Academy band, proceeded to the residence of Mr. Lawrence, to escort him, with the teachers and invited guests among the parents, to the grounds.

They were welcomed by the boys with hearty cheers which they acknowledged, kindly bowing to all. After an address of welcome

from one of the pupils, to which Mr. Lawrence pleasantly replied, some fine music was given by the band, both vocal and instrumental; then they all scattered themselves over the grounds for real enjoyment.

Sam was here, there, and everywhere at once, trying to give pleasure to all, himself as happy as any one, although, once in a while the thought of the uniform would dampen his joy for a moment.

Now he was at the swing giving such pushes as would send the little fellows so high in the air, you almost held your breath for fear they would fall. Again he was at the pond helping the boys to sail their mimic boats. Fred and Hal were there with the "Dolphin" and "Ajax," which furnished constant pleasure to the others.

If a game of ball was started Sam must come to make up the number, he would stay until he was called somewhere else, then off again to help with the lemonade, ice-cream, or something that required attention. After running, jumping, rolling on the grass, climbing the trees, and playing almost every imaginable game, the coverings were removed from the tables, and such a display of "fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, cakes, candies, tarts, jellies, etc., *ad infinitum*, as had seldom greeted the eyes or whetted the appetites of even the most delicate epicures! A few of the boys had voluntarily formed them-

selves into a band of waiters, so donning some white aprons which they had begged of their sisters, they proceeded to do the honors of the occasion.

The Academy boys were formed in double line on the right of the stage, the Neptune's Company and band in single file on the left, and waited respectfully for their turn, when the dignitaries had been served, for Mr. Lawrence had not failed to inculcate a certain degree of politeness in his course of training, and boys though they were, they knew that now, if ever, was the time to show it.

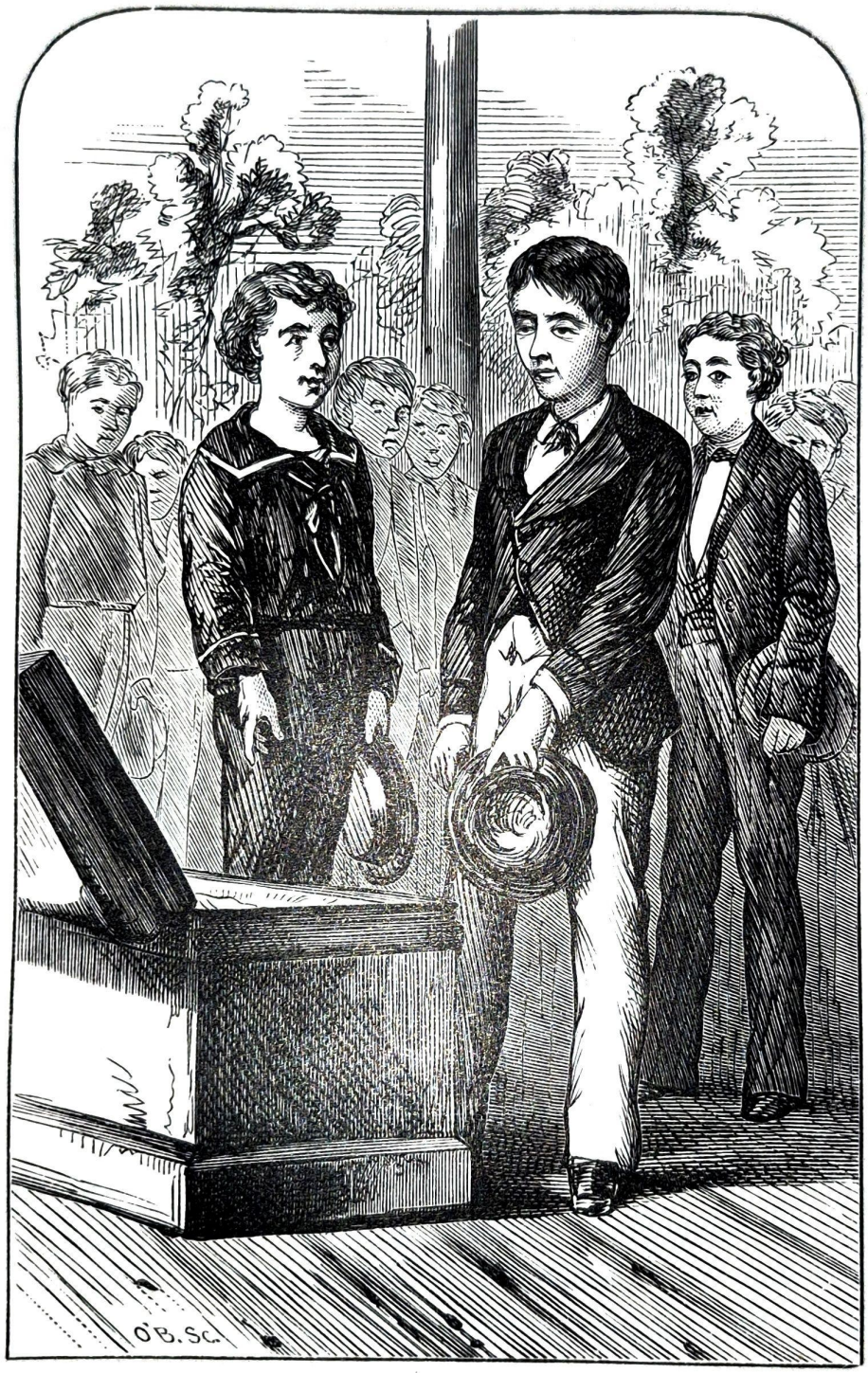
All did full justice to the ample feast provided, and though the proverb says: "After a feast comes a famine," yet in this case, the maxim seemed likely to fail, as there was less danger *after* the feast than *before*, of such a calamity, as every one was fully satisfied and yet there seemed enough left for still another troop of hungry children. Now followed more swinging, leaping, jumping, and playing generally, the "elders" finding all the pleasure they desired, in watching the sports of the children.

In an hour or two the band played a lively air, which was the given signal for all to come around the stage. Quickly they assembled, waiting eagerly for what was to follow.

Mr. Lawrence first rose, said many funny things to the children, as well as sensible ones

too, told them how much he and his friends had enjoyed with them that day, gave them useful hints regarding their conduct while he should be absent, so that he would be as proud then as now to call them his children. Many hearty cheers were given in response as he took his seat. James Drummond then stepped forward from the ranks of the Academy boys, carrying an elegant rose-wood box, which he placed upon a stand on the stage, having raised the cover that the contents might be seen by all. Then in a short address that seemed to come from his very heart, he presented the beautiful gifts to Mr. Lawrence, on behalf of the teachers and pupils, assuring him that it was but a feeble expression of their regard and sincere gratitude for his earnest labors in their behalf. Mr. Lawrence was so overcome by his feelings that he could only reply in a few appropriate words.

They were now entertained with music from the band, as the ice-cream and cake were served. Then there was a call for Sam Jones from the stage; he quickly responded to it, little dreaming what was in store for him, or he would probably have been a little more abashed. "Three times three" rousing "Hurrahs" greeted his appearance on the platform. He was followed by Hal Foster as spokesman, and two boys bearing a heavy trunk which seemed far beyond their strength. Poor Sam! he just now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began to suspect the cause of his summons; for as the lid had been thrown back he caught sight of a gay uniform, which led him to infer that he and the trunk must have some connection. However, as he afterwards said, "he found they had got him into a tight fix, and he must make the best of it."

As soon as silence was restored, Hal, himself a little embarrassed, too, proceeded to the duty of presentation; assuring Sam of the hearty good will and best wishes of his teachers and companions, which would ever go with him, no matter how far distant he might be from them.

Our young hero stammered out his thanks as best he was able, saying that he could only prove how very grateful he was to them all, by gaining for himself a name and character, of which they would not be ashamed, for this would be his constant aim. If he had made the most eloquent speech in the world, he could not have been more heartily cheered.

He then withdrew to the Academy, accompanied by Hal, and there donned his new dress uniform of scarlet and blue. While his toilette is being made we will satisfy the reader's curiosity, as well as our own, by a peep into the rose-wood box and trunk. In the former were a complete set of nautical instruments, including a fine chronometer, hung in gimbals, ship's compass, marine barometer, sextant, etc., etc.

In furnishing the trunk, nothing seemed to have been forgotten that could contribute to the comfort of the owner. There was a second ordinary uniform, under-garments in abundance for the hottest as well as coldest climate, a supply of useful toilette articles, a neatly furnished writing-case, labelled: "Write often to your old friends!" Books for study and recreation; in short, nothing appeared to have been omitted in that well-filled trunk.

After a few moments' absence, Sam came from the Academy wearing his new uniform, and well did it become him; his noble independent bearing, flushed face, and bright joyous expression of gratitude, proved him worthy of the esteem of his companions; a cordial welcome was given him by all, the Neptune's boys advancing to receive him in their ranks, while the band struck up: "Hail to the hero," etc.

When the excitement had a little subsided and Sam had received and returned the congratulations of his teachers and companions, Mr. Lawrence said that as it was growing late, and those who left to-morrow needed both rest and time, it would be best for them to separate. Hasty good-nights were exchanged for they all intended to be at the wharf next day when the vessel sailed.

Perhaps, some of my readers may wonder why all this "fuss" should have been made over

a poor orphan boy. He had no friends, no riches, did not seem remarkably smart, was not one to attract the regard and attention of strangers. What then could it be? Simply, that his general conduct and character were such that he *deserved* the good opinion of others, and, therefore, *obtained* it. Though suddenly raised from being a poor outcast of society to a place as pupil in Mr. Lawrence's Academy, he remained the same honest, obedient, obliging boy, ready to do a favor for any and everyone, attentive at his lessons, faithful in his duties, and pleasing to every one. Though all my readers may not have the same opportunity for becoming a hero in the eyes of the world as Sam, yet they have that which is far better, a chance to become great and noble in the sight of God; and we can truly add that our young friend gained this also, by the purity and simplicity of his inner life, for the seeds of true virtue and piety had been deeply planted by his good father and mother, and, as we shall yet see, brought forth an abundant harvest.

The next morning, all who had anything to do with the "Neptune" were busy with final preparations. The arrangements for the Prescott family had been somewhat modified. The house was to be closed during their absence; Annie and Fannie were to remain with Aunt Mary, their mother's sister, whose warm, loving

heart gladly welcomed them as companions for her own dear Maude and Willie; May and Harry, with Aunt Cilly as nurse to Lillie, would accompany Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, Fred and Sam.

This "Aunt Cilly," to whom we shall occasionally refer, had become quite an institution in the Prescott family. Her age it would be impossible even to guess; she had been nurse to the present generation of children, and to Mr. Prescott, when a child, with his brothers and sisters, and, then, as he was a little boy, he said she looked as old as she did now. Just the same shiny ebony face and hands, with deep wrinkles here and there, thick lips that projected far and wide, though not a tooth appeared to support them; Mr. Prescott declared she never had any, even when he was a boy in her lap, and he safely concluded that, by some oversight, she had always been minus of these useful appendages; the same gay yellow and red bandanna twisted about her head, from which appeared, now and then, some stray tufts of gray wool, so exactly resembling that of the sheep, that the children would often ask her if she was bald and had supplied the deficiency by contributions from the shaggy coat of that valuable animal.

"Laws, no, honey," she would say; "nothing of the kind; that are all's my own, sartain sure. I'se awful ole, honey, and works hard;

that's why I looks so gray; and then you chil-ens such a heap o' trouble; laws-sakes alive, it's a wonder Ole Aunt Cilly ain't dead and buried long ago. When your grandpa, ole Massa Prescott, was alive, it was jest the same thing, and I gess, honey, it'll be so too, if I lives to see your grandchildren. I wouldn't wear nuffin but my own gray wool for dis yer world and all that's in it. I don't mean no discompecs to Missus, for she's young and putty, and lost all her hair when she had that ar fever, but I'se ole and ugly, and don't need it."

Certainly, Mrs. Prescott would have found it difficult to get along without "ole Aunt Cilly." If the children were sick or well, in or out of trouble, she was invaluable in her services, being always ready with a kind word or act. When it was decided that so many of the children should go, it was also settled that she should accompany them. The delicate health of Mrs. Prescott prevented her from giving them that personal attention which she would gladly have done. However, such was her good sense and judgment that she did not fail to keep her eyes open to correct the defects she might see, feeling sure that the blind and partial love of Aunt Cilly might not always prove a safe guide when discipline was required. Many persons thought Mrs. Prescott a *peculiar*, very *peculiar*, woman. People are apt to call those peculiar who differ

from them in opinion, forgetting that the *peculiarity* may just as likely be on their own side as on that of the person whom they condemn. Every one liked Mrs. Prescott, she was a perfect lady in manners, dress, etc., was kind, hospitable, and thoroughly good, particularly beloved by the poor and unfortunate, but then, there was always a *but* added to all this praise—*but then*, she had such queer notions about children; well, let us see what were her strange ideas. They can be easily told. She did not believe in flying into a passion and beating a child if it broke a dish, fell into the mud, tore its clothes, made faces, and said some quick words to the little infantry in the nursery; no, generally, she regarded these things as natural consequences of the want of care and thought, inseparable from childhood. If these misdemeanors reached her ears, she would send for the little culprit, require a true and simple account of the matter, then add: "Well, my dear, since you cannot play peaceably with your little brothers and sisters, or you have been so careless, you may sit down there awhile in your little chair without speaking to any one." The mild, grave voice and sad countenance of the mother would have more effect even than the punishment. In cases of direct disobedience or more serious faults, the correction was, of course, more severe, but, still, the same quiet self-possessed manner

was always apparent. Those who witnessed these domestic scenes often concluded that little effect was produced, because no commotion or excitement was visible; but the result proved that Mrs. Prescott's views were the best after all. She did not believe in punishing and petting in the same breath, of going to the rogue with a birch-rod in one hand and a stick of candy in the other, and saying: "First the birch, then the candy." No, she believed that the effect to be salutary must be lasting. Would that more of our American mothers had some of *Mrs. Prescott's peculiar views!*

CHAPTER V.

IE NEPTUNE SAILS—LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

THE morning of the 13th April, 18— dawned clear, bright, and fresh. A cool breeze had sprung up, which gave fair promise of good weather for our travellers. Towards noon, groups of children, were seen hastening in the direction of the wharf. At 12 M. the Neptune would weigh anchor, so all must be on the alert. The ship's boats were in waiting to convey the voyagers from the wharf to the harbor, where the steamer lay at anchor, now and then ploughing the waves impatient of delay. Among the last arrivals was "Aunt Cilly," with Lillie in charge, the latter in a gray travelling suit, the former in her "Sunday-best," this being an unusual opportunity for display, for old as she was, "Auntie" had not outgrown her vanity. She wore a high green "*calash*," mounted on her gay turban, a skirt of showy furniture-calico, with a waist of bright green silk that once, "b'longed to ole Missus, honey," and which was only used on state occasions; a purple crape shawl, white cotton gloves, and large green sun-shade with deep fringe, spread wide open

and held aloft, completed the accoutrements of the faithful old servant, who certainly attracted all the attention she desired.

The final farewells were spoken, many tears shed at the thought of the uncertainty of ever again meeting, and the last boat-load with the pilot pushed off and were soon taken on board the "Neptune." The noble vessel weighed anchor and ploughed with mighty furrows the foam-crested waves; when they were fairly out of the harbor, and had dismissed the pilot, who carried final messages and notes of remembrances to the loved ones they had just left, the travellers began to look around and examine their present quarters. Faintly the last blue, shadowy outline of land disappeared from view; a wide waste of waters below and the infinite heavens above, was all they could see as they looked abroad. Night was closing the shutters of day, and preparations were made to turn in at an early hour. The four old tars agreed to keep the watch between them. They were rough, but honest and true, so could be safely trusted. All therefore retired, and being much fatigued, slept soundly. At midnight, however, Mr. Lawrence, the Admiral, as the boys called him, rose as the eight bells struck, to see if every thing was safe and snug, for now that he began to realize the responsibility resting upon him, he

wished to leave nothing undone to secure the success of the expedition.

Those who had been at sea before, readily adapted themselves to the "life on the ocean wave;" but the majority, to whom everything was new and strange, required some days to recover from sea-sickness, then to learn the duties assigned them, etc. The cabin and state-rooms, were as usual, alloted to the ladies, gentlemen, and young children, while the fore-castle was to be the "quarters" of the sailors.

As so few were able to be on duty, our friend Sam showed himself invaluable in the assistance he rendered everyone. One moment he was almost out of sight among the rigging, reefing or unreefing sails, then working with the helms-man at the wheel, striking the bells, heaving the log, cleaning the decks, helping the cook, and after his hard day's work, even sharing the night watch with the old sailors; and doing all with such a cheerful, hearty good-will, that this more than doubled the favors he conferred.

In a few days the sea-sick ones had recovered and order was so far restored that the "Admiral" thought he might now assign duties to each. The office of Purser he gave to Mr. Prescott, that of Master to Mr. Ingles, while Dr. Harris would act as Surgeon. The four old sailors, Don, Jack, Jill, and Tony were respectively Mate, Steward, Helmsman, and Cook. The

names Jack and Jill did not really belong to them, but they had so long borne them, that their original titles were nearly forgotten. These two old tars had commenced their sailor life together when mere boys; their friendship for each other was so great that they could never be separated; on land or sea, they were always together; if one "shipped" the other followed. Through storm and flood Jack stood by Jill, and Jill by Jack; as if the loss or safety of one must necessarily be followed by the same fate for the other.

Often they had been shipwrecked, twice taken by the pirates, once sold as slaves to the Turks, been in three naval battles, and so on through an infinite number of adventures, in which they had never been separated, and out of which they came still united; well, then did they deserve the titles they had received!

The young "middies" of the Neptune desired no better entertainment than to listen to the marvellous adventures of Jack and Jill, no doubt colored a little by their own vivid imagination, as well as by the slight additions which constant repetition of similar events of course required. These young sailors also received their appointments which they held by turn for a month; in this way they became fully acquainted with the entire round of duties required. Sam was appointed first-mate to the Master, in con-

nection with Don whose presence was frequently required elsewhere. The other boys were assistants or *mates* of first, second, and third rank to the Purser, Surgeon, Steward, etc., through all the grades, from aid to the Admiral down to cabin-boy, for Mr. Lawrence was determined to give each lad a thorough training in every department, so as to be masters of the science they were learning. By adopting the plan of exchange of duties, this object could be most effectually attained, and also all charge of partiality or favoritism avoided. To the credit of the young middies, it must be admitted, they performed their duties faithfully and cheerfully. Though sometimes their aversion would appear.

One morning about ten days after leaving port, Frank Ingles was called by the steward to clean off the lower deck. This was new business for Frank. "How shall I do it?" he asked. "Oh! any way you like," was the reply of Jack, amused at the dubious look of Frank, and determined to have a little fun at his expense. "But you'd better be lively for in half an hour the master will come round on inspection, and if it ain't all clean and trim you may expect a little warming with a 'cat' or 'rope's end.'"

This cleaning of the decks was usually done with a broom and bucket of water, and then rinsed off by throwing on fresh water which ran

out at the sides. But as Frank had never witnessed the process, he naturally supposed it was to be done in something the same fashion as he had seen the house-maids at home, clean the kitchen-floor with soap-brush and a cloth. Therefore procuring these articles, he first flooded the deck with water, then leaving patches of soft soap here and there, with brush in hand, down on his bare knees, for he had taken the precaution to leave his shoes and stockings by his hammock, and to roll up his pants, he proceeded first to scrub the whole deck, first with the brush, for as he worked away heart and soul, he concluded that a cloth would be unnecessary, the brush being more effectual. As the parts on which poor Frank had spent so much strength gradually dried, the effect can be easily imagined; here and there were waves of coal-dust, soap, and mud, which was anything but satisfactory. He had not half finished his task when Ingles, the master, came on his round of inspection.

"Oh, ho, my boy!" exclaimed he, as he came on deck: "What in the mischief are you about? This should have been cleaned half an hour ago." Frank rose, touched his cap, out of respect to the officer, and holding it in one hand and the brush in the other, proceeded to explain matters.

"Why didn't you ask some one to show you?"

"I did, sir," and the Steward said I could do it any way I liked."

The master then understood that the whole was a joke on the poor boy, and "to make the matter square," as he afterwards said, he called the Steward and ordered him to clean the deck, "in short order too," he added, advising him "to wait awhile before he did the like again."

Frank retired from the scene somewhat nonplussed at the ill success of his first attempt at real work. The "middies" had similar experiences in the course of their training, being as usual the butt of the old sailor's jests. If they bore the "fun" well, it was all right, but if they grumbled and pouted, it went harder than ever with them. Our former acquaintance, Jim Welcher had "shipped" both his person, and dignity, when he sailed with the Neptune, for like Jack and Jill, they seemed inseparable, though he found to his sorrow, they must part company if he wished for peace, for he was the subject of many tricks. On one occasion he was ordered to reef the main-top-sail—this was the first time he had been aloft. As Jill noticed how much difficulty he had in climbing, he called out: "I say, Jim, if you just grease those ropes and your hands too, you'll go up like a cat; if you take a little tar it will be all the better."

Jim hesitated, he did not like tha idea of

running the risk of soiling his hands and clothes too with the dirty oil; but he had been told to reef the sail and "orders must be obeyed," so there was no help for it, except to follow the advice of Jill. Having obtained some tar from the helmsman, and grease from the cook, he made liberal use of both on his hands and the lower part of the ropes, but as he began to climb he found his trouble greater than ever—his fingers would stick together and then to the ropes, so that he could make no headway at all. In the midst of the dilemma an order came from the master, who was in a distant part of the ship, and knew nothing of the cause of the delay, that "if he didn't reef that sail in a twinkling he'd pay for it."

What could he do? If he told that Jill was at the bottom of it, he would fare worse than before—and yet there was no help for it.

But the helmsman who was kind-hearted though rough, took pity on Jim, and scrambled up the rigging himself with the agility of a spider, reefed the sail and was down again before the poor middy could recover from his surprise.

"There, Jim, it's done; now go and clean yourself, and another time have a little more sense than to try to climb a greased rope. If you want to keep out of such scrapes, leave off your city ways, they wont do here, and be a regular sailor,

it won't hurt you, and in the end is the only way to make a man out of you. You'll have a tough time of it, if you don't, believe me ;" with which homely advice, Jim was dismissed a little wiser, if not better for the lesson taught him.

The plan adopted by the admiral for the middies was as follows. They would rise at five o'clock ; their religious exercises which were in common, breakfast, and ship's duties for half their number would be over for the morning when eight bells struck. They would then repair to the deck for inspection and drill which would occupy an hour, after that time until noon, the Admiral gave them instruction, and they also recited their lessons. As this was the hour for taking the ship's reckoning, they usually went with their teacher on deck for this purpose. Each in turn, would take the " rough log" down as the Admiral gave it, and then make a draft called the " smooth log" for future reference. Dinner followed, then recreation for an hour. At four bells in the P. M. which is two o'clock, those boys who had been at their studies in the morn, exchanged places with such as had been on duty, so that all had an equal chance for instruction and work.

After supper as many as could be spared would study for an hour, then meet the ladies, gentlemen and children in the cabin. This was the happiest part of the day. They would

laugh talk and be merry all round. Sometimes the little ones would play games at one end of the cabin, for at eight bells they retired. This was also the signal for reading from some interesting book, usually by one of the "middies" for the benefit of the rest of the company.

Fred Prescott was appointed one evening to read, and chose the "Life of Louis Napoleon" in which he was much interested. As some of my readers may not be familiar with the history of this man who has played so distinguished a part in the drama of history we will give a short sketch compiled from different sources.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III.

LOUIS BONAPARTE, brother of the great Emperor Napoleon, and Hortense, the only daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, the Count de Beauharnais, had three sons, viz: Napoleon Louis Charles, born in 1802 died suddenly in 1807; Napoleon Louis, born in 1804, died in 1831, and Charles Louis Napoleon, born April 20th 1808. The latter was the one who became the last Emperor of France, under the title of Napoleon III. His mother Hortense, though fond of society, was thoroughly educated as well as highly accomplished, excelling particularly in painting and music, being able to sketch from nature with the skill of a

true artist, while many of her compositions in music and poetry have now become the national airs of Sunny France. She devoted herself heart and soul to the care of her two sons, watching carefully over them, so that their young minds might be properly trained. Their uncle the Emperor, often sent for them while at St. Cloud, that he might ascertain what progress they were making in their studies, asking them many questions, and often trying to puzzle them; and was never better pleased, than when they answered correctly; then he would pat them on the head, pinch their ears and dismiss them with some little gift, or a promise of one in future, of which they were sure to remind him when they met again.

Louis Bonaparte and Hortense were king and queen of Holland. This appointment to the throne, had been made by the influence of Napoleon; who disposed of other kingdoms that he had won, in favor of his brothers and sister, as readily as if they had been mere toys. Louis was of too quiet and peaceful a character to enjoy the royal honors conferred upon him and tried every pretext to shun them, his principal objection being that his delicate health would not bear the damp air of Holland; but his ambitious brother could not understand such "foolishness as he called it; and urged him in the most positive terms to think no more of abdica-

tion; so the unhappy king resigned himself for a time to his fate, and while he remained in Holland, did all in his power to promote the welfare of his subjects. But we must not forget that we are to describe the son, and not the father.

The early years of the young Louis were spent with his mother at Paris, in the Rue Cerutti, now Lafitte, until 1814, when the Empress Josephine died, sincerely mourned by all who had the honor and happiness of knowing her personally. Charity to every one, especially to the unfortunate seemed to be her crowning virtue. Crowds of the poor, who had been the objects of her benevolence, from miles around Malmaison, hastened to her funeral, shedding tears of sincere sorrow at the loss of their benefactress.

There was little promise while young, of the determined and energetic character which the future Emperor afterwards displayed. When a boy, his delicate complexion, light curling hair and blue eyes, together with a mild amiable disposition, caused him more frequently to be called La Princesse, than "Le Prince." He was so obliging to every one, that he was also styled, "Le Prince Oui-Oui," from a constant habit he had of saying "yes, yes," whenever he was asked to do a favor. His progress in his studies, was good, but not remarkable. In 1815 he went to his father, who was then residing in Rome, his

brother also accompanied him; they remained here three years, when they returned to their mother. Both diligently pursued their studies under the direction of the wise tutors she had appointed.

While the two brothers were engaged in military duties in 1831, far away from Queen Hortense, she received word that both were dangerously ill, and hastened with all speed to join them, but alas! the elder brother died before her arrival, in the arms of the younger, who had so far recovered as to care for him. This was indeed a heavy blow to the loving mother and tender-hearted brother; and with many bitter tears, the dear departed one was laid away in his narrow house, to his quiet, dreamless rest.

In the course of a few years the political condition of France became so disturbed, that a change of government seemed more than probable. The character of the people is such, that their very life and happiness seem to depend upon change and excitement, and as an overthrow of the government is sure to bring both these, they like, at least so it seems, nothing better than a revolution. No nation has probably witnessed as many political changes as France, and from the present aspect of affairs, the future does not promise to be less an exception than the past, to the truth of the statement.

As we have just said, the French began to

show a desire for one of these periodical changes, and Louis Napoleon knew by a "plebiscite," or law of the people, that, being the nearest relative to the great Napoleon, by using the name of his uncle, which seemed to have a sort of magic charm over every true Frenchman, he might rouse them to rebellion against the present government, and open a pathway for himself to the vacant throne. Then, at this favorable moment, the more favorable because few even dreamed of such an attempt; the true Napoleon spirit which seemed to have slumbered since his birth, was suddenly awakened in the person of Louis, when he appeared at Strasburg, with a few friends, and after winning over some of the garrison, thought he could easily accomplish the rest, but the Commander having got wind of the affair, checked it in the very beginning, placed all under arrest and after the usual trial, Louis was sentenced to banishment from France. He went first to Rio Janeiro, thence to the United States; he remained in New York some time, until the dangerous illness of his mother Queen Hortense, recalled him to Europe; he arrived in time to receive her blessing, when she expired in his arms. He was deeply grieved at the loss of one who had been so true a friend and loving a mother. Shortly after he went to England as he was still an exile. But the spirit of energy and determination which henceforth

distinguished him, was not idle. He carefully observed the state of affairs in France, watching like a spider in its web, for the favorable moment. When at length it came, as he thought, he left England, August 6th 1840, landed on the shores of his native country, and at Boulogne, made another attempt to overthrow the government; but his well-laid plans proved again fruitless; failure and disaster were the only result of his efforts A long trial was held, from which he barely escaped with his life; his final sentence however was imprisonment for life in the strong fortress of Ham, a gloomy prison on the river Somme. Louis was taken there at midnight, and a more dismal place could hardly be imagined; the apartment alloted him was in a ruinous condition, the walls and ceiling broken away, so as to admit rain, hail, and snow, without let or hindrance; the floor was no better, for it threatened every moment to give way, and precipitate the prisoner, he knew not where. He was, moreover, guarded night and day by armed soldiers, who had received strict orders to show him no marks of respect, under the penalty of four days' fast on bread and water. Some of them being favorably inclined, however, ventured occasionally to give him the military salute, with "Vive l' Empereur," in a low tone. His companions in captivity were Dr. Conneau and Charles Thelin, the latter, a faithful valet

who had always been the attendant of Louis and preferred to continue so, than endure the trial of separation.

The prisoner suffered much from the condition of his "quarters," close confinement, etc he therefore appealed to the French government for some relief. About one hundred and twenty dollars was granted for repairs, while he was allowed more freedom in his movements, time and place for exercise, etc.

As there seemed no possibility of escape, Louis quietly resigned himself to his fate, although his hopes of freedom were by no means extinguished. As books and papers were allowed him, he divided his time between study, reading, writing, exercise and care of some flowers, which afforded him much pleasure.

It was on Oct. 7th, 1840, that he entered the fortress of Ham; he passed there more than five long years of confinement. But at length fortune was to turn in his favor. Some repairs became necessary within the fortress, for which purpose several carpenters and other workmen were admitted. They could of course only enter and leave after meeting the guard and giving the pass-word. As Charles Thelin, Louis's servant, was always allowed to go and come at pleasure, he was of course able to answer the challenge of the guard.

There being so many workmen around, who

went in and out several times in the day, the royal prisoner, thought it would be an easy matter to assume the disguise of one of them, which Thelin could obtain in some of his visits to the town and thus escape. Dr. Conneau and Charles were the only ones to whom the plan was communicated, both promising all the assistance in their power.

For a few days the Prince had pretended to be ill, each day growing worse. The physician of the fortress visited him, prescribing certain remedies, an emetic, etc., naturally supposing from the description he gave of his condition, that he required such treatment. Meanwhile Dr. Conneau made a stuffed figure to personate the prisoner. All the plans were complete on May 23d, 1846, but it was thought best to defer the execution of them until the following Monday the 25th.

That morning Louis rose, dressed himself in the laborer's suit which Thelin had procured, including wooden shoes, sloutched hat, etc.; he colored his face and hands a reddish brown, cut off his moustache, and put on a black wig. He was also secretly armed, in case of an attack; for he was determined to accomplish the undertaking or die in the attempt. All being ready, Charles went out to reconnoiter. He soon gave the signal, when Louis walked out of his apartment, having some tools in his hand and a board

over his shoulder, being a shelf from his library. He passed the guards without difficulty, giving the pass-word which he had learned from Charles; his faithful servant followed him in a careless indifferent sort of way, as if such great interests were not at stake. Having once safely passed the outer gate of the fortress, Thelin hastened to bring forward the two fleet horses which he had obtained for the purpose, the prince kicked off the sabots that he had put on over his boots, and putting spurs to the horses both were soon far away. At different times during the day, various inquiries were made of Dr. Conneau, regarding the health of the Prince, but each time, the excuse would be given that he was either asleep, in a bath, or something of the kind, so that he could not be disturbed. Towards evening the commandant, wished to judge for himself, of the condition of the patient; accordingly he went up to the bed and spoke to the Prince: of course receiving no answer, he drew aside the bed-curtains, and began to shake the figure, when he discovered the whole plot in a moment. Dr. Conneau laughing heartily at his look of astonishment and perplexity, told him the Prince was then too far away to attempt a capture, as he had been gone since six o'clock in the morning.

Louis quickly made his way to England, where he found, as usual, friends to welcome

him, although they could not help wishing he would never again make an attempt to regain the throne.

The French Revolution soon followed; this was a golden opportunity not to be lost, and Louis did not fail to improve it; by dint of plotting and planning, using by turns force and persuasion, the pen and the sword, Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was elected President of the French Republic. This was however but a stepping-stone to something still higher. Ever on the alert to turn everything in his favor, while at the same time working for the good of France, on the 21st and 22d of Nov. 1852, by another plebiscite, the Republic was transformed into an Empire, and as it seemed by an almost natural consequence, the President was proclaimed Emperor. Having now accomplished his great object, he devoted himself to the welfare of his subjects, promoting in every way the prosperity of France, and elevating her to the highest point of greatness. On March 16th 1856, the Empress Eugenie gave birth to a son, who was named Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, which of course caused universal joy, for as females cannot sit upon the French throne, the birth of a son to the king is always hailed as a most auspicious event.

Here Fred closed the book having finished

the history of Louis Napoleon, as far as it was then carried.

"Well, boys," said the Admiral; "what do you think of the Emperor?"

"I'm sure he had lots of perseverance; more than I would have had, to try so many times and then fail; he certainly deserved to be Emperor after so much trouble," replied Hal Foster.

"You are right, Hal, and that is the very lesson I wanted you to learn from this history—*perseverance*—and yet it is just what so many of you lack. I suppose you all want to be great, and famous like some distinguished persons you may have heard or read about; but no matter how rich your fathers may be, how smart you are yourselves, or how much your friends help you along in the world, you will never amount 'to a row of pins' as they say, if you do not start with a good stock of energy and perseverance; these, with true virtue will be worth more to you than all the world beside. Now I shall have a chance in this voyage to find out how much real determination each one has. Most of you have done well so far, keep on as you have begun, and I shall have little of which to complain. If cleaning decks and greased ropes teach you wisdom" he added, smiling; and glancing slyly at Frank and Jim; "I shall not be sorry for your experience."

Few events occurred to vary the life at sea. Sometimes it seemed a little monotonous, but children are ingenious in devices to procure amusement and pleasure. To May Prescott, the voyage was full of sources of real enjoyment. She was nearly eleven years old, and one of those active, wide-awake children, whose mind and body never rest. When at home, she spent all her free time roving through the woods, or by the river-bank, in search of some curious bird, insect, shell or stone. In summer the family went to the country; then she could indulge her love of nature to its fullest extent, those were golden days for her. Many a curiosity had she obtained for her little museum, as she called it, and when her mother, or the weather would not permit her to go abroad, she would go up to the little room in the tower, that her father had given her "all for her own," and there spend hour after hour, examining and arranging her treasures and reading all she could find in books about them.

Her torn clothes, tumbled hair, and untidy appearance generally, were a constant source of trouble to her good parents, but especially to Aunt Cilly, who "could not see the sense in bringing home heaps of dem dirty dead bugs, spiders and birds, jest to look at. No wonder you look for all the world like the scare-crow out in that ar cornfield, missy, I shouldn't wonder

if some of dese days dey comes long and cairys you off to scare away de birds."

"But you know, Aunt Cilly," May would reply, putting her arms around the neck of her dusky nurse; "that's the way I learn lots that I couldn't, if I only went to school."

"Laws sakes honey, that's only one of your 'scuses, you're jest'full of 'em; you can learn plenty out of dem ar books massa and missus gives you: fact is, don't b'lieve you ever open em."

Then a little coaxing and promising on the part of May would follow, and some more scolding from Aunt Cilly, and there the matter would end for the time. But May was so thoroughly a child of nature, that Aunt Cilly's lectures, the remonstrances of her kind parents, or any efforts to "tame" her, as Fred called it, seemed unavailing, and sometimes she was allowed to run almost wild, just because there seemed no help for it. Yet with all her carelessness, everybody loved May Prescott, she had one of those gay, joyous, frank and generous dispositions, that command the love of all. She was kind and obliging to her friends at home, would amuse the little ones with games and stories on rainy days, when they could coax her to the nursery, and if she only sat long enough at her lesson to read it over once or twice she knew it all. But some how her memory so often failed her when

study time came, or she did not look at the clock and so was too late, or she had mislaid her book, although she was *sure* she had put it away safely—in all probability it was floating down the brook where she had last paddled, or might have become the plaything of some sly squirrel or rabbit, whose hole she had explored, and when at last another was given in its place, her wayward mind would fly off to nice shady places in the woods, where the birds and bees were so free and happy, instead of setting down to proper and improper nouns, regular and defective verbs, which "were all a nuisance," she said.

But when at last the plan of the voyage was proposed—here thought and said all the Prescotts, little and big, will be an excellent remedy for May's wildness. There can be no chance for roving on the ship, she will be either in the state-room cabin, or on deck, and all congratulated themselves on the bright idea that had been suggested of taking the young "deer." But Miss May looked at the matter through different spectacles. She was as overjoyed as the rest, but for a far different reason. Now, she thought I will have a chance to see curiosities at sea as well as on land, in other countries as much as in the United States; her eyes and ears were therefore open as wide as ever.

As she recovered from sea-sickness before the others, she improved the time in roaming

over the ship, avoiding the Admiral as much as possible, for of him she had a wholesome fear that served to put a little restraint upon her, but forming the acquaintance of the old sailors, who liked her for her free, noble daring ways, as much as she admired them for their kindness, blunt and rough, though it was. As they replied to all her questions which were poured forth faster than they could be answered, she quickly learned the names of all the ropes, masts, sails and was complete mistress of the terms used in the orders given by the officers. Fred who had a certain idea of propriety, peculiar to boys of fifteen years old and upward, was shocked one day, when an order had been given, "Brace the yards sharp up," by the master, to hear May call out in sailor fashion: "Ay, ay, all taut and snug, sir;" giving a merry laugh as she caught sight of the mingled expression of wonder and disgust on the face of her brother, who was looking all round trying to find the little rogue; at length he spied her half-way up the rigging, quietly sitting on one of the cross-ropes, feet and hands rolled up in her long cloak, and swaying to and fro with the motion of the ship, as composedly as a bird on the bough of a tree; no thought of fear had crossed her mind, and therefore there was no danger.

But this was too much for Master Fred to endure quietly, as it certainly was not just the

thing for a girl to do. So he hastened to his mother's state-room, and throwing himself on a camp-stool he exclaimed :—

"Well, mother, I tell you, I can't stand that May Prescott any longer, she makes me so ashamed of myself that I either wish we had never started on this trip, or that the young mad-cap had staid with Aunt Mary. It was bad enough when we were at home, but it's a hundred times worse here, where everybody can see her. Pretty soon I'll be ashamed to own her for my sister, if—"

"I hope, my child, it will never come to that," interrupted Mrs. Prescott. "May is very wild and thoughtless, I know, but she has so many noble qualities to overbalance her faults that I hope much good will come to her in the future; but what has she been doing now?'

"Just come and see for yourself, you would never believe me if I told you."

Mr. Prescott entering at that moment, and being told where they were going, the three went together. It was indeed a surprise to the father and mother, yet they could not but smile at the look of quiet happiness on May's face, as she swayed back and forth.

"How will she ever get down?" asked her mother, in a low tone, for fear of frightening the child.

"Oh! that's easy done," said Fred; "if she

can get up; there's no trouble about coming down; I guess she's squirrel enough for that." So saying he gave a familiar whistle, which attracted her attention, for she had not observed them until now. Her father at the same time beckoned to her and gave her a severe look which she well understood, for he was prepared to give her a good lecture. Quick as thought she slipped down the ropes, with the agility of a cat, in some indescribable fashion, and ran over to the three waiting for her; she was radiant with happiness, and exclaimed:

"Oh! pa and ma, if you only knew what fun it is to be up there; if you'd only let me I'd live in the rigging all the time; you can see everything and everybody; the air's so fresh and cool, why it almost seems as if you were in heaven when you're there. Now don't scold pa," and she looked at him with such a pleading face that he could hardly resist it.

"I cannot scold you for the pleasure you have had, my child, for I am only too glad to see you happy; but you know well enough how I disapprove those wild, boyish ways you have, besides alarming your mother so much; she took this voyage for her health, but if you go on this way, I'm afraid she will not live to reach home again."

The last words touched May's tender, loving heart, and the big tears fell in a shower down her sun-browned cheeks.

"Please, pa, don't say that any more, and I'll be so good all the time," and she threw her arms around her mother's neck, covering her with kisses and caresses.

"Well, dear, keep your promise, that's all; and now to prove how much in earnest you are, go to our room, take your books and be ready to recite your lessons in an hour," was her father's reply, as she returned the kiss he gave her.

Fred looked very much as if he doubted the sincerity of her promises, but after all he had not as much reason to be ashamed of his little sister as he thought. She was beloved, as we have said, by every one. If any of the young "middies" were sick, or put on "hard tack" for a day or two as punishment, she would manage to get the former an orange or nice drink of lemonade, and take it to the sufferer, read him a little story, or amuse him in her childish way; nor was the delinquent forgotten either. She would smuggle him a cake or little pie that she had saved from her dinner or lunch, telling him she was so sorry he had been naughty, that he could not but determine to be good hereafter, if it were only to give pleasure to one who had been so kind. And so she went on day after day, casting rays of love and sunshine upon all around her, in spite of her free and careless habits.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONSUL AT LIVERPOOL.

BEFORE proceeding farther it may be well to explain some of the terms used in the preceding pages.

On account of the irregular motion of the ship, clocks could not well be used to measure time, and therefore the passengers and crew are notified of the different hours by the striking of a bell in a peculiar way. The greatest number of strokes given are eight, two at a time, then a short pause; two more, another pause, and so on until the number is finished. These eight bells are rung four different times in the day and twice at night; viz., at eight o'clock in the morning, when those who have been on watch since midnight go to bed and others take their places; at noon, when the captain takes his reckoning and luncheon is served; at four o'clock, which is the signal for dinner; at eight P. M., when all take their supper; and again at midnight, and at four A. M.: at each one of these periods the watch also changes. Between each of the eight bells, the hours and half-hours are struck, so that by the

number of strokes given any one can readily tell the time. For instance, when the eight bells are struck at noon, in half an hour one stroke is given, which indicates half-past twelve; at one o'clock two strokes are given, in half an hour two and then one; at two o'clock, two and then two more; and so on until eight are given again, which brings us to four o'clock, when it commences with one for the half-hour. I have often thought what an admirable arrangement this is for noting time. As clocks and watches cannot well be relied on, sand-glasses are used to mark the half-hours. The captain usually has a chronometer hung in gimbals, that is, in a ring within a swing, so as to hang vertically whatever the position of the ship may be.

When he takes his reckoning at noon, if the sun is shining, he notes the position in the heavens to-day, compares it with that of yesterday at the same hour, observing its distance from the southern horizon, and also by the compass the direction the ship is taking, and thus he can easily mark the distance she has sailed since yesterday.

But as the sky is seldom clear enough for this method, there is another plan adopted which does not depend upon the weather; it is called "heaving the log." A long rope passing around a windlass has a small piece of wood, heavier at one end than the other, fastened to

it; certain distances on this rope are measured off by knots and pieces of different colored cloths, each distance being counted for a mile, when the log is thrown it is easy to tell by the number of knots passed out and noting the time, at what rate the ship is sailing, and thereby they can easily calculate the probable length of the voyage.

In about ten days after leaving New York, the Neptune arrived at Liverpool—a perfect forest of shipping, vessels on the right and left, before and behind, here, there, and everywhere, so that it seemed to require the skill of a Broadway omnibus-driver to pilot their way safely between them all. It had been arranged that a certain number of middies under the care of an officer should go ashore, visit the city for a few hours, then return, and take the places of those who had not been. A little before noon about eight of them in their best uniform, accompanied by the admiral, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, and May, having been duly examined by the health officers, sprang into the boats which were lowered for them, and soon found themselves in the great city. As they went up from the wharf, May exclaimed, "Why, we needn't travel any farther to see the world; here are people of every nation, I'm sure; there's a German, I can tell him by his long pipe; you could tell that man was a Turk by his long beard and flowing robes;

there goes a Jew, for sure, his face tells that here's an Italian, with his organ and monkey," and she fumbled in her pocket for a stray penny or two, for she could not resist his pleading tone of "Un dono, signora." "This must be a Greek, for he looks just like a picture of one I have," and so she went on, it did really seem, through all the "tribes and tongues." Overhearing a confused jabbering near her, she listened, and concluded the speakers must be Russian, because, she said, "every other word ended in *ski*."

We do not intend to weary our readers with a description of all the wonders to be seen in the different European cities; these subjects have been worn threadbare long ago, so that such an attempt would be an imposition on the public, past endurance. In the few hours allotted them our friends enjoyed much in open-carriage drives through some of the principal streets of the city, and then in the outskirts, where they were particularly charmed with the beautiful country residences of the wealthy citizens, whose taste proved that comfort and not mere display had guided them in the arrangement of their houses and grounds.

While driving through the city, the admiral had stopped at the office of the American consul, who was an old friend, although the two had not met for some time. On inquiry, however,

the porter said that he had just left the city about an hour before, for his country home, which was about three miles out of town, "but if you wish very much to see him, I will send at once."

"Oh! no," replied the admiral, "that is not necessary; it will be just a pleasant drive, and if you will please give me his address, we will go there."

"Certainly, sir," and handing the consul's official card, they gave orders to the coachmen in accordance with the address. A brisk drive of half an hour brought them in sight of a large and handsome stone building on an elevation which overlooked a small park, garden, pond, and terraces. At a little distance was a magnificent forest stretching far away beyond the reach of sight. As they came to the entrance the porter appeared ready to open the gate, but the admiral thought it best for the rest of the party to remain there, while he presented himself to the consul, as it seemed almost like a breach of hospitality to venture with so many at once; so leaving them to admire the beautiful scenery, he promised that his call should be brief.

He had not been gone five minutes when a messenger came with a request from the master of the house that they would all drive in at once. They gladly accepted the cordial invitation, for

everything presented such a delightful appearance within the enclosure that they longed to enter. When they arrived, the consul was standing on the piazza with the admiral, ready to welcome them. He was one of nature's true noblemen, both in person and heart, large and well formed, apparently about sixty years of age, with an open, frank countenance, showing both intelligence and goodness, his dark hair and beard mingled with gray, proving that age and official duties had left their marks upon him. The admiral first presented his wife and family, then the elder portion of the company, and lastly the "young middies." The usual congratulations being cordially exchanged, and the assurance of a hearty welcome given by the consul, he said:

"Well, my friends, this is a pleasure I did not expect, but I can truly say that you could not have conferred greater happiness upon me, for there is nothing I really enjoy so much as meeting my countrymen. Should you ever be situated as I am, you will know how much pleasure there is in the sight of an American. I have been in England many years, but the longer I remain the more I find my heart turning to my childhood's home." The admiral then briefly told him the object of their travels, etc., which greatly pleased the consul, who complimented the young sailors upon their fine

appearance, speaking to them in such a kind, fatherly manner that he won their hearts at once.

"Now, come in, come in; I have seen your family, admiral, now you must see mine," and he led the way to the spacious drawing-room, where they met his wife, two sons, and a daughter, who did all in their power for the pleasure of their guests. After cake and wine had been served, their kind host proposed that all should take a walk through the grounds.

"I've nothing very elegant to show you," he said, "but I looked more to real home enjoyment than display in planning my surroundings."

And indeed he spoke truly, for the beauties of nature and art had been so combined that one was not cultivated at the expense of the other. The "grown-up people" were in admiration, the younger portion in ecstasies. The garden and hot-house were not only filled with exotics, but in many places could be seen lovely little wild flowers, that had been transplanted from their home in the woods to this fair spot; for here and there were the crocus, trailing arbutus, blue-eyed anemone, columbine, daisy, and many others, to which the attention of the visitors was frequently called, their host seeming to prefer them to others more rare and showy. The general air of freedom and "take it easy"

comfort made all feel at once at their ease. The flowers had no forbidding touch-me-not look, as if it was a crime to gather them: the nicely gravelled paths did not seem so smooth and straight that children could not run races in them, and even across the lawn and over the terraces if they chose; the broad shady elm and oak seemed to invite the happy children to swing freely from their leafy branches, and even though a weak bough might perhaps now and then give way, it would not be thought a calamity. Oh! no, nothing of the kind; it was just the place for real pleasure and unrestrained enjoyment, and all, old and young, improved the opportunity to the utmost. Two or three hours passed away thus almost unconsciously, the kind host and hostess devoting themselves especially to the elder portion of the company; the sons and daughters to the middies and little ones. In the course of their rambles, they were led in the direction of a small grove, which as they entered proved to be a sort of protection to a beautiful arbor: on opening the door, the guests were invited to enter, as the consul said, 'When we wish to have a real pleasant time, I come out here with my family and friends to supper, and I knew you would all enjoy it quite as much as our large dark dining-room. So please be seated, and let us make the most of the time."

A place was quickly assigned to each one, and they proceeded to do ample justice to the plentiful feast provided.

When nearly all had finished, the admiral, turning to his host, said, "You will allow me, Mr. B., in the name of my friends here, to thank you for the kind hospitality you have so generously extended to us to-day, affording us all so much pleasure; and—"

"There, there, Lawrence, that will do," interrupted the consul; "if you say any more, I may be tempted to tell these young people how greatly I am indebted to you."

"Oh! that's over long ago, and is not worth mentioning."

"What is it, Mr. B.? Please tell us; I am sure we would like to hear it?"

"It's too long a story," said the admiral. "We ought to be on the way to the Neptune now," he added, looking at his watch.

"What's that? can't you spend the night? I'm sure we can find room for all?"

"Oh! no," said Mr. Lawrence, "that is out of the question; we have remained too long already," and he rose as if that was the signal for all to go.

"Stop a minute," exclaimed the consul; "I've a word to say about that. Didn't you tell me there were more of these young middies on the Neptune, with their officers? Well now, it

is not fair to cheat them out of a little pleasure when they can have it as well as not. Now, my friends, I'm going to keep Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence as hostages to-night for a visit from those other young people to-morrow. If the admiral tells those who are here they must go, why, I can't interfere with his orders, I suppose," he added, smiling.

"Thank you, Mr. B.," replied the admiral, "that *would* be an excellent arrangement; but we must leave to-morrow, as I am in haste to settle that government business with the Emperor. You know enough about the matter to understand that delays are very dangerous sometimes."

"Yes, yes," was the response, "but let me tell you something first. If you go to Paris now, you'll miss seeing His Majesty, as he is about leaving for Boulogne, where he has been invited to assist at the inauguration of a new railway to be opened in a few days. As receptions and other ceremonies will probably detain him on the way, I do not believe he will reach Boulogne before the last of the week. Why not arrange your plans so as to meet the Emperor there?"

Mr. Lawrence hesitated, but finally acceded to the proposal, and again gave the signal to leave, but was once more prevented by their host, who said, smiling and rubbing his hands

together, while he looked slyly at the admiral, "Just wait a few minutes, my friends; I have a little story to tell you, that will not detain you long, and it is worth hearing.

"Though I am getting to be an old man, I find much pleasure in recalling incidents of my past life. When I was about the age of those young middies, I thought I knew everything; I was wiser and smarter even than my teachers, especially when there was prospect of a punishment; knew what was right and wrong far more than my parents; the consequence of which was that when they told me certain bad habits should be avoided, I generally regarded the advice as a whim or notion, and paid little heed to it. As I was in a fair way to finish my education, as it is called, for I really loved study, I suddenly took it into my head that I would like to become a rich man; and for this purpose must commence business at once. My good father laughed at the idea, and as I still persisted in my foolish notion, tried to reason me out of it; but I was not so easily persuaded, thinking, as usual, that I was much wiser than he. At last, finding I would not be convinced, he yielded to my wishes, probably thinking experience would teach me when he could not. He therefore furnished me with the necessary capital, and I opened a dry-goods store. As long as the novelty lasted I did well, but soon becom-

ing tired of the monotony of my life, sold out and accepted an agency for a large business house, which required me to travel a great deal. As my habits were not very firmly established in virtue, I yielded to the bad influences of those whom I chanced to meet, and step by step lost the few good principles I had received from my parents. I soon squandered my capital and salary; as I had lost the esteem of my friends, I cared little for the rest. One day, after I had indulged a little too freely at a saloon, I went out for a drive, being only half sober, and as little capable of managing the spirited horses I had hired as a child of three years old; consequently I soon lost control of them, was dashed against the pavement, and when taken up, supposed to be dead, some kind friends, although they were then strangers, took me to their house. It was several days before I recovered consciousness; my injuries were of so serious nature that mind and body were both prostrated, and for a long time recovery seemed impossible. Thanks to good nursing and an excellent constitution, I at length began slowly to rally. Among my kind attendants was a young man, an adopted son of the family, about my own age, who watched with me night and day, when his other duties would permit. He showed such an interest in me that I naturally became attached to him, and as I grew so much better that I was

able to sit up a little, I began to recall my past life, and form some plans for the future. My condition was anything but desirable. My friends at home had long since disowned me; I had no money, my doctor's bills were to be paid —how, I knew not—and I must also look out for some employment. All these thoughts constantly recurring to my mind, naturally made me feel sad and uneasy; the young man to whom I have referred observing my look of sorrow and abstraction, asked me the cause. At first I hesitated about telling him, as it would require a history of my past life, which was by no means creditable to me.

"But as he gained my confidence, I opened my heart more freely, until he knew all, the abyss of sin and misery in which I had been plunged, my obstinacy in opposing my father's will, and my constant waywardness. It cost me much to tell him, for I was still proud and attached to my own opinion; besides, I knew I must relinquish my former life, if I accepted any assistance he might offer me; and this, to tell truth, I was not quite ready to do, for the pleasures of the world had not yet lost their attractions for me, notwithstanding my sad experience.

"He seemed to read my very heart and understand exactly how I felt, for one day he said: 'My friend, things are not as desperate as you imagine; you are young and strong, the

world has a place, and a good one too, for you to fill; rouse up and be a man again. I will lend you a helping hand, and there are others too who will aid you. I have just heard of a good opening, and if you will only promise to give up your old habits and companions, I'll secure the place for you.' But that was the point; I did not yet feel ready for all that I knew was required. I asked a day or two to decide what course I would take. During that time a terrible struggle went on between my good and bad inclinations; at length God and my better nature gained the victory. My purpose was taken; I put my hand bravely to the work before me; it cost me more than I had ever dreamed it could, but by constant effort on my own part and the kind encouragement of the friend who had already done so much for me, I came out of the trial a victor. The lessons I had learned through my own pride and obstinacy were invaluable to me in after-life. Some years passed away before I visited my parents, who supposed I had long since died, as they could hear nothing from me. It is easier to imagine than describe the joy they felt in finding me so much changed for the better.

"And now, my friends, I think you have already guessed who was the person I have mentioned to whom I am so much indebted. Here he is before you," he added, as he placed

his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Lawrence, "Yes all that I am as a man, a citizen, and a consul, I owe to this gentleman; you will not wonder then that I really feel I can never cancel my obligations to him. I am sure if my young friends follow the wise advice he gives them, they will be always safe. But as you seem in haste, I will not detain you longer, except to repeat that I keep Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence as hostages."

The admiral, finding his excuses of no avail, accepted the invitation of Mr. B., after having given the final instructions for the rest of the party, who then took leave of their kind friends, expressing their grateful acknowledgments for the attentions they had received. Mr. B. added a last injunction that their companions whom they had left should come early the next day.

Oh! how many things did they all have to relate when they reached the Neptune late in the evening, of their delightful visit, kind friends, and all the beautiful scenes through which they had passed. The story was listened to with breathless attention; and when there was a little pause and some of them exclaimed, "Oh, we wish we had gone!" May Prescott could restrain herself no longer, but, jumping up and clapping her hands, shouted, "But we haven't told you the best part, and I know you can't guess, so I'll let it out. Why—why," and she stopped a moment for breath. "you're all agoing out there

to-morrow to have just as good a time as we did. Oh dear! I wish I hadn't gone to-day, so I could go to-morrow." One of the middies then interrupted her to relate the story we have already heard from Mr. B. about the admiral, which only excited them more than ever, and made them doubly anxious for the morrow to come. But like all to-morrows, it came in due time, and shortly after eight bells had struck, the second party, "in best bib and tucker," were lowered into the boats. And as a special favor May was allowed to accompany them, as she said "the consul whispered to her when she was leaving to be sure and come if they would let her, for he had a whole cabinet of curiosities to show her"—as it was only while taking leave that he found out her passion for such things; and she was such a general favorite with all, that no objection was even thought of, that this was her second trip, while the others had only one; besides, she added: "You will want some one to show you the way, and introduce you when you get there, and I know all about it," for she seemed to forget that the coachman was able to do the first, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence would be there to perform the honors of presentation. In consideration of this double responsibility, she really assumed all the dignity of a true chaperone.

The merry party soon reached the city,

where May said: "Everything seemed just precisely as it did yesterday; the same coaches, on the very spot where they stood before, the same Italian, with organ and monkey, Dutchman with pipe, Chinaman, Turk, Greek, Jew, etc., etc. Why, I wonder if it's always been this way since Liverpool was made?" she thought to herself, but said nothing, for all were in too great haste to reach the coaches to pay much attention to her; and as she knew this well enough, she concluded it was best to keep her thoughts to herself. They took a drive of some hours, in and around the great city, much pleased with all they saw, and then turned in the direction of the consul's home—May's memory serving as a sort of guide-book, for she seemed to recollect every place of interest she had seen the day before, and eagerly pointed them out to those who were with her. At length they arrived at the porter's lodge; the faithful servant, ever on the alert, quickly threw open the gates, and the party entered the enclosure. Their host and family gave them the same cordial welcome as yesterday, so that the second day's enjoyment was fully equal to the first. Mr. B. did not forget his promise to May, for he soon sent her with his daughter to the museum, or cabinet as he called it, where she found all her heart could desire that was rare, curious, and beautiful—stuffed birds and beasts, odd-looking fishes in

alcohol, some wonderful fossils, minerals, gems, medals, and, in a room adjoining, a small aquarium, which was another source of interest and pleasure. The enjoyment was greatly increased for her from the fact that in addition to the scientific name attached to each specimen, which of course was an enigma to her, a simple and brief description was given. After passing hastily through the cabinet and aquarium, May said to her kind friend:

"Now, Miss B., if you please, I'll just stay here by myself, and look at the things again. I'd rather do it than to go out with the others, because you know I saw everything yesterday but this place. And if I'm by myself I can just stay as long at one thing as I like, and won't tire any one."

At first Miss B. did not like to leave the little enthusiast, but seeing that she really wished it, finally yielded, saying, "I'll come in a little while and see if you are not tired."

"Never fear that; I could stay here for ever and ever and *ever*. Oh dear, it is so splendid!" and she drew a long sigh of admiration, as she added, "If I only had these two rooms, I should never want anything more, I'm sure."

"I am afraid you would, my dear," was the reply, as the young lady withdrew. When the door closed, May found a camp-stool near by, and taking her station at one end, began her

day's enjoyment. From time to time, as something of particular interest attracted her attention, she would note it down in a little blank book she had brought for the purpose. We will venture to peep over her shoulder and transfer a few of her notes, which she had copied verbatim:

"*Entellus Monkey:* Very common in Asia; seldom seen in Europe; playful and easily tamed when young; fingers very long, thumbs short. People of India pay it divine honors, probably on account of the peculiar look of sanctity, or rather gravity, which it assumes when fully grown, and from a habit of remaining for a long time perfectly motionless.

"*Spider Monkey:* Found in Guiana and Brazil; fond of fruits; very active; can easily swing, by means of tail and fore-paws, from branch to branch; the former as useful as elephant's trunk.

"*Widowed Monkey:* Found on the Orinoco, and in Guiana, although very rarely; color, glossy black, except breast and fore-paws which are white, the face a little whitish, but tinged with blue.

"*Lemming:* Species resembling the rat; found on the borders of the Arctic Ocean; from some unknown cause, at intervals of about ten years, leave their native place, and uniting in large troops, take a southerly course in a per-

fectly straight line; no obstacle can check their course; they swim over the rivers, cross the high mountains, gnaw a passage through hay-stacks, and pass over the decks of vessels, if they chance to come in their line of march. Every trace of vegetation is destroyed, even the roots are not spared by them.

"*Armadillo:* Found in South America; their shell, formed of hard jointed pieces, covers the whole body; walks rapidly, but cannot run or climb trees; when pursued, escapes by burrowing a hole in the ground very quickly; the hunter then tries to smoke out the animal, but fails, as he throws up the dirt continually, and thus the smoke loses its effect. If near a precipice, he will roll himself into a ball and fall down without any injury.

"*Birds: Bird of Paradise:* Several species; found in islands of Asia and New Guinea; usually go in flocks of thirty or forty; very small body, with a profusion of long, delicate, gorgeous plumage; cannot fly except against the wind.

"*Tufted Humming-Bird:* Found in Brazil; most beautiful of the species; always on the wing; feed on the nectar of flowers; build their nests from the down of plants.

"*Grand Auk:* Common in cold regions timid; cannot fly; walks erect.

"*Chameleon:* Inhabits warm countries,

resembles lizards in having scales, besides projections on the surface; eyes constantly move; feeds upon insects, which it takes by extending its tongue, which is covered by a sticky substance, and to it the insect will adhere; has five toes, two in front and three behind; movements very awkward; naturally lazy, as it will sit for days in one position, trusting to the insects that happen to light upon its tongue, for food; changes color to some extent, but not so much as it is generally supposed; natural hue, a bright green—if angry, a dark blue—when sick, yellowish-gray—more brilliant when the sun shines than in the shade.

"*Eel:* Several species; generally found in the streams of South America; hide in the mud during the day, and search for worms, etc., in the night. The electric eel defends itself by giving severe shocks to whatever comes in its way; will easily kill more animals in this way than it can eat.

"*Huso:* A kind of fish resembling the sturgeon, weighing from fifty to four hundred pounds. A sort of jelly is obtained from this species, which when boiled and dried is very useful, being called isinglass.

"*Cuttle-Fish:* Found chiefly in the seas around India; has eight arms and two feelers, with which it grasps whatever comes in its way, and then can hardly be made to loosen its hold

its mouth resembles a parrot s—uses it in breaking the shells of other animals; when pursued throws out a black liquor which so darkens the water that it is easily concealed; this liquid is used for ink by the Chinese, and formerly by the Romans; a certain bone is pulverized and then called 'pounce,' being used to sprinkle over writing to prevent its spreading. It is said to give out a bright light if cut up in a dark room The cuttle-fish sometimes grows to such a size as to endanger the boatmen, who always carry hatchets to cut off their arms, which are sometimes forty or fifty feet long, the body being twelve feet in breadth.

"*Nautilus:* One species has a white shell, very thin and delicate, shaped like that of the snail. The ancients are said to have first learned the use of sails from this little animal. It has fourteen arms, eight of which, with the membranes attached, it expands for sails, and the other six are used for oars, and when thus seen on the Mediterranean, looks like a ship under full sail.

"*Ants:* There are many species; some with and others without wings; of different colors, red, black, and white. They have greater strength in proportion to their size than any other animal, sometimes carrying loads ten times their own weight; remarkable for their great courage—will sooner lose their life than yield

when attacked. They live in families; the queen lays the eggs, sometimes 24,000 in an hour, so small as to be scarcely visible—maggots are formed from these, which are usually taken for eggs—the ants are produced from the shell, in which the maggots are enclosed. These are so carefully guarded that in case of an attack they are at once removed to a place of safety; they keep certain insects, from which milk is taken for their use. Often a regular battle is fought between two opposite armies of ants, which is carried on very much in the same manner as our military engagements; though it is a mystery that they never mistake friend for foe, as there seems no way of distinguishing one from the other.

"The white ants, found in Africa and the Indies, build their dwellings of clay, sometimes twenty feet high, in the shape of sugar-loaves, which are hard enough to walk upon."

May was interrupted here by the entrance of Miss B., who had looked in once or twice before, but did not like to disturb her, and now said: "I am sorry to call you away, but everybody is asking for you, and I am really afraid you will grow to the place if you stay much longer."

"I wish I could," was the laughing reply; "and then I should be happy. Oh! I have had such a glorious time here; it seems only a few minutes, and see I am not half through yet. I wonder if I could come back again before we go."

"Perhaps so, but you must come with me now," So saying they rejoined the company, who greeted May with many exclamations of wonder as to where she could have been, suggesting that she might perhaps have taken a nap, fallen into the pond, trying to catch the gold and silver fish, lost herself in the woods, or—

"Oh! you needn't guess any more, for you would never hit the truth. I have been in a better place than any or all those you mention; it's just full of all kinds of curious things. Can't they come and see it too?" she asked, turning to Mr. B. and taking his hand to lead the way.

"Certainly, my dear, to be sure," was the ready response, and all turned their steps towards the cabinet. When they saw the wonders displayed, they were not surprised at May's enthusiasm, and to her great joy they lingered some time, which gave her a chance to satisfy her curiosity still more. They were at length called away by a summons to the arbor, where a tempting entertainment was prepared for them. They chattered and laughed, talking of all they had seen, etc.

"Mr. B., when do you think the Emperor will be in Boulogne?" asked the admiral.

"In the course of three or four days, probably."

"Oh! indeed; that will just suit my plans. Now, my friend, you have had your own way.

and made arrangements for our pleasure these two days past ; it seems no more than fair that I should have a word to say about a little visit from you. Since we can go to Boulogne in a short time, I think I can spare another day before weighing anchor. And it will give us all much pleasure, my friend, to entertain you and your family to-morrow on board the Neptune. Although we cannot promise half the enjoyment you have given us, still we will do our best for you."

There was a general murmur of approbation from the young middies at the prospect of having Mr. B. with them another day, for he had completely won their hearts.

"Thank you, Mr. Lawrence, thank you," replied the consul. "I shall be most happy to accept your kind proposal ; and I am not sure," he added, smiling, "but I should have invited myself, if you had not anticipated me. But let me see first : I have some appointments to meet at my office in the morning, which will probably detain me till early noon ; after that I shall be gladly at your service, for I am really very curious to see how your plan works of having these young gentlemen study, travel, and navigate a ship all at once."

"Very well, sir, you shall have a chance to-morrow, for I will have the ship's boats ready at the landing for you and as many of your friends as

you choose to bring. As we wish to ride about the city a little, I think we must prepare to go.'

The carriages were accordingly ordered, and after again and again expressing many thanks for the kind attentions shown them, the admiral and his party took leave of their friends until the morning. On the way they stopped to purchase such articles as the cook might need, for Mr. Lawrence was determined not to be outdone in hospitality. All hands were busy that evening and the next morning fixing everything 'ship-shape." The decks had an extra cleaning as well as other parts of the vessel. Evergreens and some little wild-flowers from the neighboring island festooned the cabin, and, with the bouquets they had brought from the consul's gardens, added much to the cheerful appearance of everything. The Stars and Stripes floated proudly from the topmast, giving a welcome to the worthy son of the great Republic it represented.

"What do you think of Mr. B.?" asked Fred Prescott of Hal Foster in the morning.

"What do I think of him? Why, what everybody else does, I guess—that he is a real, true, out-and-out gentleman; nothing made up and put on, but a thorough one, heart and soul, as well as body. Don't you?"

"Of course, Hal; how could I think anything else? Somehow, I always imagined

before this that consuls were sort of grand, stuck-up people, who hardly ever had anything to do with common sort of folks."

"So did I, Fred; but we found out yesterday that Mr. B. isn't that sort of a chap. He's A No. 1, just what I like. Why, he talked and laughed with us as if he'd always known us. He had your Lillie and Harry on his knees, when we were sitting out by the pond, talking and laughing with them and May just like your father."

"Yes, I saw them too. Who knows, Hal, but you and I may get to be consuls; there's no harm in trying, anyway."

"That's so; but I believe I'd rather be commodore of a fleet. You can command a whole lot of men at once, without much trouble either. But here comes Sam Jones—let's hear what he says. Halloo, Sam, what are you about? haven't seen you lately. Where have you been?"

"Oh! I don't know exactly—here, there, and everywhere, as usual."

"But why didn't you go with us to Mr. B.'s? I asked ever so many times for you," said Fred, "but couldn't get wind of you from any quarter. You wasn't sick or laid up from the effect of a rope's end, I hope?"

"Oh no; I was busy the first day when you went, and the second day I begged to stay."

"Begged to stay? Well, Sam, you are a queer chicken," interrupted Hal. "Didn't you want to go?"

"Oh yes, I would have liked well enough to go—but—well—I just thought I'd stay."

"Can't you give any reason for such a notion?" inquired Fred.

"I can, but I'd rather not," was the reply, in such a tone that the boys knew it would not do to press him further, though they could not but wonder at his desire to remain on the Neptune instead of going on a delightful visit.

"We were just wondering, Sam," said Hal, "what you would like to be. Fred thinks he'd enjoy a consul's life, but I believe a commodore's berth would suit me better."

"Why so, Hal?"

"Oh, you don't have much to do except order the men; and if all things don't go right, even though the commodore is in fault, the under-officers and sailors generally get the blame."

"Well, Hal," replied Sam, "I guess you'd find you had more to do than you bargained for if you had charge of a fleet; the honor wouldn't pay for the trouble. To be sure you might order the men, but if you didn't know how to give the commands you'd soon make a fool of yourself; and I guess it takes a pretty wise head to manage a squadron. I wouldn't jump

at that rank till you've had a little idea of some of the steps that lead to it."

"Well, then, what do you think of being consul?" asked Fred.

"Oh, I don't know anything about it. I used to see them sometimes at the ports when I sailed with my father. They always seemed to have enough to keep them busy, and I guess are often put at their wits' ends to know how to settle matters they are called to attend to. I remember, one day, when we were at one of the Mediterranean ports getting supplies, an American consul came on board, bringing a sailor with him who said he was an American, and yet an English man-of-war claimed him as a deserter of their fleet. The consul couldn't tell what to do, as both parties swore to opposite statements. He thought perhaps our captain could tell something about it. But he didn't know an American from an Englishman any better than the consul; and yet the latter knew well enough he must settle it quietly, or there might be trouble between the two governments."

"Well, how did they fix the affair?" asked Fred.

"They examined his letters and papers, and found one dated from a small English village. One of the sailors, who happened to be from the same place, as soon as he heard the name mentioned, said:

"'Oh, that fellow is han hold rogue. I knew 'im well. 'E's Hinglish, though I'm ashamed to know that 'e's from my country. He ran haway from 'ome to hescape a term hin the penitentiary.' And so the poor rascal was taken back to the English fleet," continued Sam, "branded with a 'D' on his forehead, had a sound flogging, and was kept on short rations for a long time—so he paid pretty dearly for his rascality."

"Well," continued Fred, "I wonder if a consul has much of such business to manage?"

"Plenty of it—more too than he wants, I rather think," was Sam's reply. "And I guess the amount of it all is, that whether we're con sul, commodore, or anything great, we've got to work for it pretty hard, and then work harder still after we have it."

"But you did not tell us, Sam, what berth on land or sea you are aiming for," chimed in Hal.

"I can hardly tell myself. Sometimes I think one thing would just suit me, then again something else; but I've about concluded to watch and wait patiently, do my duty as well as I can, and then trust that I may yet be a credit to those who have been so good to me. I don't believe so much in getting some high office as in trying to be *worthy* of it, whether you have it or not."

"Well, Sam, I believe that's so, though I never thought of it in that way," said Fred. "Somehow it seemed to me that I'd try to get some high berth, one way or another, by hook or crook, almost any way, so I had it. I didn't much think about *deserving* it; but after all, your plan's the best, Sam, for if you wasn't fitted for the place, you'd soon make a goose of yourself and be disgraced forever."

"I think so too," added Hal; "and"—but he was checked by a call for Sam from "Jill" the helmsman to take his place at the wheel.

Perhaps the reader's curiosity is excited, as well as that of Hal and Fred, to know why Sam did not go with the party either day to the city. The reason is soon given. We have occasionally mentioned Jim Welcher, and from the few remarks, dear reader, you may have formed some opinion of the young gentleman. Now Jim was not a bad boy—he had good qualities like every one; but it must be acknowledged he had some serious faults, which often quite overshadowed the better traits of his character. He was inclined to a very favorable opinion of himself, which he thought others also should have, inasmuch as his father, worth several hundred thousand golden dollars, and living on his income in an elegant house with brownstone front, and having everything to correspond also, entertained the same exalted

opinion of his son that Jim did of himself. But as the old gentleman was a little shrewd withal, he could not but see that his darling was becoming somewhat spoiled from the flattery and indulgence of his doting mother and friends, and therefore wisely concluded to take the advice of less partial acquaintances and try the effect of the wholesome discipline of sailor-life. At first his family could not be persuaded to listen to such a proposal. How could poor Jim ever go through the rough, dirty life of a son of Neptune? Oh no! it was not to be thought of for a moment. The father, spite of his love, persisted, pleaded, persuaded, and urged every possible motive, but without effect, until the plan of Mr. Lawrence became known, when Mrs. Welcher yielded to the wishes of her husband, as she had a very high regard for Mr. L., although she thought he was a little severe sometimes, and too exact in requiring poor Jim to *understand* everything he went over; for if he could repeat his lesson by heart, what more was necessary. It was hard enough for him to do that, without expecting his poor mind to be racked with thinking about the whys and wherefores of it. It seemed to her that his method of "going to sea" was a little more aristocratic than the usual way. Only a certain number would be received, and those of the best families, generally from her own set, so

there would be no danger of contaminating the *precious boy* by association with those of a lower order, as might be the case if he went with ordinary sailors. In the course of several private conversations with Mr. Lawrence before sailing, she endeavored to impress his mind with the idea that she was conferring a great honor upon all concerned in the voyage by at length giving her consent for dear Jim to go with them; and begged the admiral to take her darling under his special care and protection, for he was very delicate, not accustomed to work and exposure, could not endure fatigue, etc., etc., through the whole catalogue of cautions; to all of which the admiral quietly listened, meanwhile having his own views and plans for the young gentleman, although he said little, except to promise that he should be taken care of and not be abused, for his loving mamma would be heart-broken if she should hear that he was suffering.

This little digression seemed necessary in order that our readers might not blame poor Jim too severely for his faults, which, in fact, were rather his mother's than his own. He had, of course, many a hard rub, of which he little dreamed before sailing, and to his credit it must be said that he bore it better than could have been expected, proving, as the admiral supposed, that when away from the foolish

indulgence of his friends, his better qualities would appear, though it might be through much tribulation.

The day before arriving at Liverpool, Jim was ordered to clean decks and oil some machinery in the forward part of the ship; as he did not consider the latter a part of his regular duty, he refused to obey the command of Don, the mate; the order was repeated in no very gentle tone. Jim's "spunk was up," as he afterwards said, and he answered the old sailor with some sharp words, who in return gave him a few decided strokes with a rope's end. This was too much for Jim, who knew the discipline of the ship well enough to understand that such punishment could not be inflicted without the authority of the admiral, who had determined never to resort to it unless the case was a desperate one. Mr. L. just then appeared, and seeing both parties were excited, he wisely forbore making even any inquiries, simply saying: "Welcher, to your hammock; Don, to your duty."

Each obeyed without delay, knowing very well that no explanation would be received then from either of them. Some hours after, the admiral sent for each separately to come to his state-room, telling them to give a simple, truthful account of the trouble; afterwards requiring each to repeat it in presence of the

other. When he had heard both reports, he said: "Don, you're too old a sailor not to know that if punishment is to be given I will order it myself. I am sorry you forgot yourself so far."

"I'm sorry too, sir," was the frank reply, "and hope you'll excuse me this time; but, sir, the fact is, that young chap there," pointing to Jim, "makes me mad sometimes; he's too smart and knows too much to be on a vessel—don't like to obey orders unless it just suits him."

"Ah! Don, you mustn't forget that he's young yet; give him a fair chance, and I'm not sure but he'll make as good a sailor as you, and perhaps better," added Mr. L., smiling.

"Shouldn't wonder, sir," replied Don; "but he'll have to rough it awhile yet before he's in your shoes, that's certain."

"Well, well, never mind that; do your duty, and I'll see that he does his. You must remember, Welcher," turning to the young middy, who looked a little abashed, "orders are to be obeyed here; if you don't think they are right, just report to me, but don't refuse to do what you are told. I want to make a first-rate man out of you, not a silly, delicate, chicken-hearted dandy. You must take life as it comes, smooth, or rough and tumble, just as you find it, and make the best of it. For your punishment, Don, you are free from duty for three days and can stay by yourself. Welcher, when we get to

Liverpool, you need not go ashore with the rest, but will remain on board at your studies and work as usual. You can go now." Both bowed and retired without a word, fully convinced of the justice of their penalty.

We have before said that Sam was aid to Don, the first mate to the captain, whose place he frequently took when duty required the old sailor elsewhere. The first day of his absence he thought little of it; but when he did not appear the second morning, he inquired of the admiral the cause of it. The matter was briefly explained to him, being told to say nothing about it, as Mr. Lawrence did not approve of making private affairs of that nature a public matter.

As Sam returned to his duty, he thought the matter over and felt sorry for Don and Jim, although he could not but think Mr. L. had done just right. "Poor Welcher," he said to himself, "he'll have a double punishment, for he can't go ashore, and then he'll be in disgrace besides. Wonder if I couldn't do something for him? I'd take his place in a minute, if the admiral would let me;" and he thought and planned a hundred ways to help his friend, but the only way he could fix it to suit him was to resolve to go at once to Mr. Lawrence and offer his petition. An opportunity presented itself soon, for when the next eight bells struck for the change of

watch he was free, and went directly to the quarter-deck, where the admiral was walking. As he saw Sam approach and salute him, he said in a pleasant tone:

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?"

"I have a favor to ask, sir, and hope you won't refuse it."

"I will certainly grant it, Sam, if I can; let me hear it."

"You remember what you told me a little while ago about the fuss between Don and Welcher?"

"Yes, but what of that?"

"Why, sir, I was thinking it's pretty hard for Jim not to have a little fun with the rest when we get into Liverpool and go to the city."

"That's true, Sam; I know it's hard, and I am sorry for him, but I think the lesson will do him good; another time, he'll obey orders better."

"You don't know, perhaps, sir, but the poor fellow has a rough time of it. The old sailors, middies, and sometimes the officers get after him and play all sorts of tricks; make him reef and unreef sails just for fun, and do all kinds of work that he needn't do at all. I wonder sometimes how he can stand it as well as he does. I am afraid I wouldn't."

"What reason do they give for it? He must expect some such treatment. It will do him

good in the end, though it won't do to be too hard upon him."

"They say, sir, they are taking the 'stiffening' out of him."

"I guess I'll have to look into the matter. It's better to have a little 'stiffening,' if it's only of the right kind. But you haven't made your request yet, Sam; what is it?"

"Why, sir, that you'll let me stay here instead of Jim, and he can go to the city with the rest. You know I was to take the helmsman's place, while Jill would act as mate till Don was on duty again. You said Welcher should stay at the wheel while I was gone, but I know he can't manage it."

At first the admiral would listen to no arrangement of the kind, but finally consented so far as to say that he might stay the first day and give Jim the necessary instructions, and when the second party went he would try and fix it somehow, and thus it was left; for Mr. L. was then called away. As we have already seen, the admiral was unexpectedly detained over night with the consul, and lost sight of Sam until the last arrival on the second day: hearing inquiries made for the young sailor, he then remembered his interview with him a few days before. As soon as he had a chance, he called Welcher aside, and asked him rather sternly how he happened to come."

"You see how it was, sir," he replied; "when the other boys were getting ready this morning, Sam Jones came and asked me if I wasn't going too: I told him that my orders were to stay at the wheel. He said I couldn't manage it very well, and that he was sure you'd let me go; any way he'd fix it with you afterwards. I was afraid to come at first, but he told me it was all right. I thought he would be with us, and didn't know any better till we got out here; so I believe he staid in my place. If I'd have known it in time I wouldn't have stirred a peg from the wheel; for if there's a boy on the Neptune that deserves this pleasure it's Sam Jones. I hope you are not displeased with me, sir, and I know you won't be with him."

"No, Jim, I am not displeased with either of you; but I am really sorry he did not come. If there was any way to get him out here now I'd send for him, but it's too late." The admiral then proceeded to relate how earnestly Sam had pleaded to be allowed to remain in his place, so that his punishment could be remitted.

Jim was not only pleased but deeply touched by this mark of his comrade's kindness, and said:

"Oh! sir, that Sam Jones is worth a thousand other boys. If any of us are in trouble, or get too badly tricked by the rest, he is sure to be on hand and take our part. I would have

repented of my engagement here long ago, if it had not been for him."

"You mustn't mind it, Jim, if the boys do make game of you sometimes; that is what all young sailors have to go through; take it in good part, and you'll get through it all the better."

"I promise to try, sir, though it's pretty hard sometimes;" and here the conversation ended, Welcher being very glad that he came out so easy, for he was a little afraid he might have a lecture. Mr. Lawrence, however, was too just for that.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONSUL RETURNS THE VISIT.

ALL the spy-glasses on board the Neptune were in demand the morning appointed for the consul's visit. Business had detained him a little longer than he expected, so that the patience especially of the younger portion of the company was fully tested. At length the ship's boats were seen approaching, and when within hailing distance, many cheers greeted the visitors, the band playing a lively welcome as they stepped on board. After the first formal congratulations were over, the admiral escorted his guests to the pleasant cabin, followed by those of the officers and crew not on duty. Everything had been so well arranged, that the consul could not help exclaiming as they seated themselves, "Well, Lawrence, this is more than I ever dreamed of; I can hardly believe we're on board a vessel; and if it wasn't for the motion of it, I should think we were in a pleasant home. I see you have not forgotten how to make things attractive to those around you."

Besides his own family, Mr. B. had brought

some of his little nieces and nephews as companions for the younger part of the Neptune's company, together with a few personal friends.

After resting and taking a little refreshment, the elder portion of the guests were taken through the vessel, seeing every part, and noting the excellent management by which all was conducted. As they reached the upper deck the eight bells struck at noon, when all the middies as usual presented themselves.

"This is the time," said Mr. Lawrence, "for taking our reckoning; and although we are at anchor, I still continue the practice for the benefit of my pupils; therefore, if you will allow us, the calculations can go on as usual."

"Certainly, certainly," was the reply; "we would prefer that all your exercises should proceed without the least interruption; we shall then feel perfectly at home, and enjoy ourselves all the more." The admiral desired the young students to explain the method by which the reckoning was taken, and then to compute it from the tables. Those who were called upon replied in so clear and prompt a manner that all could at once see what excellent training they must have received at the hands of their teacher. They then explained the different parts and uses of the vessel, and the working of it, in an equally satisfactory manner.

On returning to the cabin they found the

little ones with their dolls and books around Aunt Cilly, who was telling them wonderful stories of her past life, to which they listened in mute admiration: the entrance of the visitors, however, interrupted their pleasure for the time; but they easily gained a promise from "Auntie" "to tell some more in a little while." She then withdrew, while the infantry went over to the company.

The consul turned to one of the young middies standing near and asked him if he had seen a wooden box in one of the boats.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "it's on the lower deck. Would you like it brought here?"

"If you please, and it's not too much trouble."

"I will bring it with pleasure," was the prompt reply; but Hal found it too much for his strength, and was obliged to have the assistance of another comrade. They soon returned with a large box, which they placed before the consul, who said: "I would like to see all the little folks that belong to the Neptune, as I noticed a good many yesterday at my house. Some eight or ten presented themselves, Lillie among the number, bringing up the rear, last but not least in all respects, as was easily proved by all making way to admit her within the charmed circle, when she said: "Pees let me in, 'tause I tan't see, you're all so big

It was amusing to watch the eager expression of the little group, as Mr. B. said:

"Now, my dears, I've brought a few little presents for you, but I want to know first who are the good ones here," and he looked slyly at them as they seemed a little abashed at the thought of some of their childish mischief. After a short pause, May Prescott ventured to speak for the rest:

"I don't believe we're all as good as we might be; but if we try and promise to do better in future, that'll be the next thing to it, won't it, Mr. B.?"

"Yes, dear," was the ready answer, as he patted her on the cheek, and then proceeded to open the box; and surely Mr. B. must have remembered well what children like, for their tastes seemed to be exactly suited. There were whole families of dolls—father, mother, children and all—a nice music-box, Noah's arks, dissected maps, puzzles, picture and story books, and at the bottom a separate package marked with the name of Miss May Prescott."

Oh! how delighted she was, on opening it, to find a box of curiosities which Mr. B. had kindly selected from his cabinet.

"How can I ever thank you?" she said; and then she told him of her plan to collect all she could on the voyage.

"That's right, May, and when you are a

young lady you'll have something worth seeing, I'm sure; and what is better still, your mind will be filled with things that are worth knowing, instead of foolish nonsense about dress and frolicking."

All were eager to share their delight with the older persons, as they displayed the treasures they had received. When the excitement had a little subsided they were invited to witness some of the drill exercises of the young sailors, and admired the perfection with which they went through the required movements.

The signal for dinner was given as usual by eight bells striking at four o'clock, the admiral having ordered a sumptuous repast for his guests.

"Well, consul," said Mr. Lawrence, as they returned to the cabin, "what do you think of my plan—you've had a little chance to judge?"

"Excellent, excellent. Why, how do you manage things so easily? There don't seem to be any trouble or confusion; everything goes on like clock-work. You must have some kind of a machine that you wind up in the morning and keeps everything going all day without trouble or care on your part."

"I try to have the good-will of those under my charge, and treat them more like a father than an officer; then things generally go on smoothly. If there is any little disturbance or

difficulty, I try to smooth it over as easily as I can, and so we are generally happy as the day is long."

Just then Lillie appeared with four little kittens, her greatest treasures. They were all squeezed in her arms so closely it was no wonder they mewed piteously; white, with black spots, fat and round as balls, they seemed just made for playthings. She brought them in triumph to Mr. B., thinking of course he would admire them as much as herself.

"There, Mr. B., I div them all to you, 'tause you're so dood to us all. They're yours to teep too. They'll make lots of fun for you. I hope their mamma won't try for 'em."

"Thank you, Lillie; they're so pretty;" and he stroked their sleek fur as they scrambled about, tails straight in the air, trying to get away. "How can you keep them from falling overboard?"

"They did come pretty near being lost the other day," chimed in Master Harry Prescott, about seven years old.

"Why, how was that?"

"I'll tell you, sir. You know we've got a big barrel full of water down on the lower deck. Lillie thought she'd teach the kittens to swim there, as she had seen the fish in the sea; so she took them down two or three days ago, and when she put them in the water, of course they

couldn't float or swim: when she saw them going down she plunged in after them. Tony the cook heard the splash and pulled Lillie out, or I guess that would have been the last of her. She began to cry for her kittens, so he got them out too."

"Wasn't they nearly dead?"

"Yes, sir; but Aunt Cilly, our nurse, took them by the fire and dried them, then their mother fixed them all up right, and the next day they were as bright as ever."

"Didn't Lillie get hurt?"

"Oh! she got a big blue bump on her head, here," and he pushed back the brown curls and showed something that looked like a plum, proving that the little rogue must have had a hard knock; "but she didn't mind it much, for ma told her to look at the poor little kittens, and then she forgot about the bump, for she thinks more of them than of herself."

They all laughed heartily at the adventure, and then the little ones were sent upon deck for a race and some games, which they fully enjoyed.

"How soon do you sail for Boulogne, admiral?" asked the consul.

"We shall weigh anchor a little before noon to-morrow, I think."

"I was just thinking, if you have no objections, I will take a berth, too, and accompany you."

"I should be only too happy for you to do so; nothing would please me better."

"I have not seen the Emperor for some years—it was soon after his escape from imprisonment in the fortress of Ham; he was of course an exile, with precious little prospect of ever being on the throne, although he had tried hard enough to get it. I met him occasionally then, having seen him when he went to the United States, and also on his return."

"It will be pleasant for you to renew the acquaintance, as I am told he is not one to forget his old friends. I shall also be a gainer, for although I have letters to his majesty from the President and Cabinet, yet in your company I shall feel much less the embarrassment of an interview."

"I am very glad then, my friend, to be of service to you in this or any other way. But I find it is growing late, and as I must call at the office to attend to some business, think we should be moving."

Some light refreshments were then served, the gentlemen conversing a little longer "on the affairs of the nations," and the ladies upon their family "ups and downs," which to them were of equal, if not greater importance than politics; then a frolic with the little ones, and some farewell music from the band when the guests were ready to go.

May Prescott stood looking wishfully at them.

Mrs. B. observed her, and said: "What is it, May? I guess you would like to go with us; is that it?" she whispered, smiling kindly on her.

"Oh! I'd be so glad if I could just see the museum once more," was the low response.

"Never mind, dear, I'll soon fix it;" and stepping forward, she said aloud:

"Mr. Prescott, I have half a mind to steal your little May to-night. She can go with us and return in the morning, and be all the better for it."

"I don't know about it; I am afraid so much visiting will spoil her. She has been twice already; besides, she's a little wild, and might forget herself, and then disgrace us all."

"Oh no, pa, I won't! I can climb trees, wade in the brook, and all those things by myself; but when I'm in company I can be a lady, if I try. I just want to see the curiosities again. Please let me, this time."

"Well, May, it must be as your mother says. What do you think?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"If the consul and his lady are willing to be troubled with her, I am glad to have her go."

"Thank you, thank you," and off she bounded to make such change in her toilet as Aunt Cilly thought necessary, who gave her many

injunctions to behave like a lady, to remember what to do at table, and how to speak to those she met, etc.; to which, we fear, May paid but little attention, having received so many similar instructions that, as she said, "she knew them all by heart."

At last she was ready, and giving Auntie a hearty hug and kiss, she started to find the company, followed by all the little ones, to whom she promised "to bring something nice if they were good."

The ship's boats being lowered, the last farewells were exchanged, and they pushed off, Mr. B. promising to be at the landing with May at eleven o'clock the next morning. They were also accompanied by Sam Jones.

As they were going the rounds of the Neptune before dinner, the consul suddenly called the attention of the admiral to one of the middies, then at the wheel, whom he did not recollect having seen before.

"There is something so striking in his appearance that I am sure I would easily remember him."

"You are right," was the admiral's reply; "he missed the pleasure of a visit to your house, for which I am as sorry as you will be when I tell you about it." Mr. L. then proceeded to relate the whole affair, at the same time giving a brief history of Sam's life.

"What?" said the consul; "did you say his father was captain of the schooner 'Flying Dolphin'? I remember the vessel well, and the man better still. He was worth his weight in gold. I should not probably recollect him particularly, as it was only on one occasion that I had anything to do with him. I will tell you how it was. Some four years ago, when the 'Flying Dolphin' was in port, this Captain Jones called upon me for assistance. He was accompanied by a young American, who had been in England but a little while. During the time, he was employed as ship's carpenter at the wharf by a man, who not only failed to pay his wages, but also to return some money the poor carpenter had loaned him. As this Englishman had been reported to me before for similar offences, out of which he managed to escape scot-free, I was determined this time he should not fare so well. I had the matter thoroughly investigated, which resulted in favor of the American; the Englishman had a heavy fine to pay, besides all the costs. Of course, this did not please him very well, and he determined to have revenge on me, knowing very well that I was the main cause of his disgrace and trouble, although it was no more than he richly deserved. His threats of vengeance reached my ears, but I paid little attention to them; but Captain Jones, who knew the man better than I did,

kept his eye on both of us, as I afterwards learned.

"Late one evening, as I was returning to my house in town, I was seized violently by my coat collar, and would have been thrown down in a moment, as I had no means of defence, if a third person had not just then rushed in between us, and holding a revolver before my assailant, told him to surrender at once or he was a dead man.

"There were now two against the rascal instead of one, so he yielded without resistance, promising, however, anything we required, if we would let him off; but duty and inclination decided against him.

"The police, hearing the disturbance, came up to ascertain the cause of it, when they invited him to a night's rest in the watch-house, which was afterwards continued for some months longer in the penitentiary. You may have already guessed that my friend and protector was Captain Jones, for such he proved to be. I thanked him, as you may well believe, most warmly, for defending me and saving my life at the risk of his own, and desired him to call at my office in the morning, for I was determined to give him a more substantial proof of my gratitude than mere words. He must have guessed my intention, for, as he did not appear the next day, I sent a messenger in search of him; but

the captain had given me the slip, having sailed in the night; and although I have since made many inquiries for him or his vessel, I could ascertain nothing until now regarding either. But since the father is no longer living, I will gladly cancel my indebtedness to him by doing something for the son."

"What a strange coincidence!" exclaimed the admiral; "yet not more so than our unexpected meeting, and many others more remarkable still."

"Yes, that is true; but, if you please, I would like to speak to this Sam Jones."

"Certainly, you shall do so at once."

Being called, Mr. Lawrence introduced him to the consul, who could not but exclaim:

"Yes, yes, that's Captain Jones over again, though not quite so much of a man yet; but you will be after awhile," added the consul smiling, as he looked earnestly at Sam, as if trying to read his character, which appeared to satisfy him, as he rubbed his hands and nodded to the admiral, saying: "He'll do; I've no fears of him."

The young sailor listened eagerly as Mr. B. related all he knew of his father; when he had finished, Sam said:

"Yes, I remember that affair well. I was on the Dolphin with my father at the time, and heard him speak of the consul, but I do not

recollect that he mentioned having saved your life. But I know we left the port sooner by a few hours than my father at first intended, though I did not hear any reason given for it." Sam then proceeded to relate the particulars of his father's last voyage, illness, and death, which deeply interested the consul and admiral; also of the loss of all the family by cholera. Then he spoke of the great kindness of those who had befriended him during the past few months, proving that his gratitude was strong and sincere. When he had finished, the consul said:

"Well, Lawrence, since Sam gave us the slip, in the two visits at our house, I think I'll make sure of him this time by taking him home with me when I go to-night; I'll return him safe and sound in the morning; that is, if you've no objections, and the young middy would like the trip.'

"I shall be only too glad to have him go."

"And I am as happy to have the chance; and thank you very much for thinking of it, sir," replied Sam, who then excused himself to make some preparations.

When he had gone, the consul said:

"I must keep my eye on that boy; if you hadn't already told me what a treasure he is, I could have read it in his face: he'll make more than a common man, mark my word; there's material enough there for half a dozen at least."

"You are right, sir," was the admiral's reply. "I have had a chance to judge him pretty well for some months past, both when he was a poor outcast, and since he has been 'living in clover,' as he calls it; there has been no change in him, unless for the better; his good fortune did not make him proud or ungrateful; all the attentions shown him have not made him light-headed."

"I'm glad of it; he's in good hands now, but when he needs anything whatever, books, clothes etc., I shall claim the privilege of furnishing them." And drawing his bank-book out of his pocket, he wrote a check for £1000, and showing it to the admiral, said:

"There, Lawrence, I will place that to his credit in the bank to-day. When he is of age, he can draw it, and will have a little capital to start with. You need not say anything about it to him until the time comes; it will do him good to feel until then that he must depend upon his own exertions for a *living* as well as a *character*. I only mention it to you now, that you may attend to the matter then, in case anything should happen to me meanwhile; for though I am strong and healthy now, you know life is always uncertain, and it is best to provide for the future. I shall feel easy about it."

"You are right, sir, and I thank you most warmly on the part of Sam for your generosity, as I know he will do himself, when he finds it

out. As he is just now more particularly under the care of Mr. Prescott and family, with whom he made his home some months before we sailed, if you are willing I will tell Mr. P. the provision you have made for him in the future; for something is as likely to happen to me as to you, my life being quite as uncertain as yours."

"Certainly, if you wish; it might be better to do so."

The news soon spread through the vessel of the discovery just made regarding Sam's father, for the young hero had hastened himself to share it with his kind friends the Prescotts. All rejoiced at his good fortune; for although nothing in particular had been said, yet somehow every one seemed to feel that the consul would prove a friend to the orphan boy in something more than the mere name.

It is needless to say that Sam enjoyed his visit highly; he was glad that May went too, for her free and easy ways "helped to break the ice" for him, as he said; since he was not altogether free from the natural embarrassment peculiar to boys of fifteen years old when in the company of strangers.

May did not fail to improve the opportunity of spending all the time she could steal away from the others without being rude, in her favorite cabinet. This time, the star-fish, of which there were many varieties, particularly attracted

her attention: they were in the aquarium, so she could easily study them in their various forms and peculiar movements. She had not forgotten her note-book, that was her constant companion. We will again venture to make a few extracts. Before doing so, however, we would offer a little suggestion to the reader, whether boy or girl, old or young. It is that you would adopt a plan similar to that of May Prescott. Wherever you go, have your eyes and ears open to learn everything that is worth knowing; you can do this, too, without being rudely inquisitive. Carry a little book to note down any item you read or hear about that is worth preserving, and also words or expressions you do not understand, that you may have them explained. I can assure you, if you adopt this plan you will find it worth more than you would at first suppose, for you will acquire much information that you could not in any other way: you will never miss the time so employed, for it will only take a moment here and there, which very likely might otherwise be thrown away uselessly. I would also add another word: try not to let a single day pass without learning something worth knowing; and to be sure that you do not skip a day now and then, I would put the date to each day's items, and by referring to your book from time to time you can easily see how faithful you have been to your practice. For it

is *barely possible* my readers may chance to be like some good children whom I know and love very dearly. When anything like this is proposed to them, the novelty attracts them at once, and they say:

"Oh! yes, that's the very thing; I'll ask ma for one right off now." The book and pencil are easily obtained, and the first few days all the wise heads are besieged for some of their wisdom to put in the book; the library is ransacked for the same purpose; but alas, shortly the fever subsides, the excitement abates, the pages are filled but slowly; first one day, then two, three, a week, and even a month go by without an item, and at last the book is cast aside into a drawer, as being too much trouble. Now be careful, little folks; don't be too eager at first, and then I think you will persevere the longer. Neither would I advise you to scribble through the book any way, just because it is for yourself alone; a little care and neatness do not require much time, and will abundantly repay you in the end, from the habit you have thereby formed. I have heard it frequently said by those who are wiser and older than myself, and have found it but too true, that any little ways to which we accustom ourselves when young will be very apt to remain with us through life; so that it seems to me on the whole it might be as well, and perhaps a *little better* to practise those virtues and

form those habits that will be an honor and ornament to us in coming years. And I really believe care in making your notes will be of advantage to you in more ways than one: your little book might accidentally fall into the hands of some of your friends, and I think you would not have so much objection to an examination, if it was well written.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARRIVAL AND SCENES AT BOULOGNE.

AS we have said, the star-fishes in the aquarium particularly attracted May Prescott. And well they might, for of all curiosities they seem certainly the most wonderful. The external appearance is very peculiar, being almost infinite in variety; but the inner structure is still more wonderful, and for a long time baffled the wisdom of naturalists. We will refer again to May's note-book for information regarding them:

"*Asterias* or *Radiates:* So called on account of their star-like shape, and because they radiate or grow outward from a common centre. Two kinds—those that have the mouth below, and move without swimming, as the sea-urchins, star-fish, etc., and others that have the mouth at the centre above, are attached as a flower to the stem, and of course remain immovable, like the jelly-fish, also called *Acaleph* or *Sea-nettle*, because it has the power of stinging very much like a nettle. Sometimes whole shoals of them are seen together, of different sizes, looking very much like spread umbrellas, some being

upright, others on the side. The coral also belongs to this class, and is one of the most singular of them all. It is found in all parts of the world, but only those that build reefs inhabit the warmer regions. There are three kinds, each living at certain depths in the ocean, and never going beyond the limits prescribed by the Creator. They cannot live more than fifteen fathoms below the surface. The Astrians commence the coral, but never build higher than six fathoms, when their work ceases upward, but is continued by the second class until they reach their prescribed limit; then the third class complete the work, bringing it to the surface of the water, but never above it. As coral animals have been brought up on sounding-lines many thousand feet below the surface of the ocean, it has been thought they could live at that depth, but this is not the case. The coral island which they formed of course sank with the bed of the sea, which became gradually depressed. The formation of the coral is from a central body, around which buds are produced, each of which itself becomes the centre for another series, and so on indefinitely, all remaining attached to the common parent bud. Sometimes 14,000,000 have been counted within a space of twelve feet in diameter. Besides buds, they also produce eggs, which being dropped into the sea, float about for a time. They are soft, transparent,

pear-shaped, having a little fringe by which they become fastened to the rocks and bed of the ocean when they begin to bud, as already described. The rate of growth cannot be accurately determined, for it is not in proportion to the living coral, but to the solid parts which do not decompose. The average rate is supposed to be about half an inch in ten years, or half a foot in a century. Florida Reefs are entirely formed of coral. The outer one is seventy feet high, and allowing one foot a century, which is probably more than could possibly have been built in that time, at least 7000 years must have been required for its formation, and yet it is still incomplete. Some miles nearer the mainland are the 'Keys,' which must have required a still longer time, as they are finished and formed into islands. But allowing only 7000 years for these, we see that 14,000 must have elapsed since the first was commenced. Now we come to the shore-bluff, which is only another reef, having become united to the mainland by the filling up of the channel between them. We will allow at least 20,000 years for the formation of the Keys and shore-bluffs. As all corals require the constant action of the open sea upon them, the inner ones must have been completed before the outer were commenced. In addition to these, seven other reefs have been traced between the shore

bluffs and Lake Okeechobee, adding 50,000 years to the former estimate, making in all 70,000 years since the commencement of the first reef; and during that time they have remained entirely unchanged. Many of the Pacific islands are wholly of coral formation. On the Loo-Choo Islands it is found in great quantities; sometimes seen there on the top of mountains 500 feet high, showing that by some convulsion of nature there must have been a great upheaval of the bed of the ocean."

May had lingered so long in noting the description of the wonderful coral insect, that she had no time for other items, much as she would have liked to take them. About ten o'clock in the morning she and Sam took leave of their kind friends, and in company with Mr. B. returned to the city. They drove through the finest portion of it, admiring much the public and private buildings, which certainly were a great credit to the enterprising citizens of the busy metropolis. A grand fair had been opened that morning in one of the largest halls of the city. They paid it a flying visit, when May had another opportunity to satisfy her passion for the rare and beautiful; skill, taste, and ingenuity were fully represented in all the elegant and wonderful things displayed.

But the large city clock warned them that it was time to join their friends at the Neptune.

* See Note at end of chapter, p. 165.

On the way they took a peep in the fine botanical garden at Edgehill, also at the zoological garden on the West Derby Road, where the enthusiasm of Sam and May were fully roused.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sighed May to herself, as she was almost carried away with the pleasure she experienced.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. B.

"Why, sir, I was just thinking what I would not give if I could always stay here, or carry all these animals with me. Of course I can't do either, but you don't know how much I enjoy anything of this kind," and she sighed again as they turned to leave.

"Never mind, dear; when you come to Liverpool again, we will spend a whole day here together, for I enjoy it as much as you."

When they reached the wharf, the boat was waiting for them, Mr. Prescott having come with Don to escort Mr. B. While May and Sam were busy watching the magnificent city as they moved away from it, and talking of all the fine things they had seen, the consul had an opportunity to tell Mr. P. how much he was pleased on further acquaintance with Sam.

"I had a little talk alone in the library with him this morning," said Mr. B., "and I am very much mistaken if he does not make more than an ordinary man; he says very little of himself,

in fact is rather reserved, but when I referred to your family and his other friends, he seemed to forget himself, and was all animation, while he expressed his gratitude for their kindness, and his full determination to do all in his power to become worthy of their regard."

"I have no fears for him," replied Mr. Prescott; "he will be all we could desire. He has a wonderful influence for good over his companions; I find my own children have already felt and owned it, as well as others with whom he is thrown. He has a certain way of inducing them to do right, more by his example than mere words could effect. I should be very unwilling to part with him. This good influence has more than repaid me for any trifling attention I have shown him."

"I am truly glad to have my favorable opinion confirmed, for you certainly have had the best opportunity to judge what he really is."

I wonder how many of my readers have ever thought much of the influence they have over others; perhaps it seemed to them that theirs was very little, but I do not believe there is a single child, however small, who may not have a good or bad effect upon those around them. For this, it is not necessary they should do great or wonderful things—a simple word or look is sufficient. I have often been taught a lesson worth remembering by seeing the sweet

patience with which a little child received a cross word or look from a brother or sister, returning it with a kiss or caress, or sometimes not appearing to notice it. I have also seen children whom I thought very lovely and attractive, until I chanced to hear them say a sharp word, do an unkind act; then all their beauty was gone for me, and I would think: Oh! if they had only known how suddenly this had changed them, I am sure they would never have done it. If they could only see and hear themselves as others see and hear them, how different would be their conduct! Now, my young friends, in the short time you have to stay in this world of ours, why not try all you can to scatter light and sunshine in the pathway of others, instead of clouds and shadows. Keep the bright daylight of cheerfulness within your own hearts, and you cannot fail to impart it to others. One little word gently spoken or pleasant smile given will be worth more than all the fine presents you could make. Just try it for one day, and see if you are not happier at night for the effort. My word for it, I know you will be. This was the simple secret of Sam's success in gaining friends, and *keeping* them too, which is better still.

Soon the merry shouts of those on board the Neptune proved to the persons in the boat that they were eagerly expected: all were, of course,

delighted to greet them as they walked on the deck. The pilot was already there; so they weighed anchor at once and were soon safely out of the harbor; when, having dismissed their skilful guide, they quickly directed their course to Boulogne. Through St. George's Channel, out into the broad ocean; then quickly steering by the English Channel to the Straits of Dover, they found themselves before a city that seemed well fortified, both by nature and art, having ramparts in the upper town which are now used for promenades, and barracks in the lower. It is difficult to enter the port, as the tide leaves it dry twice every day; so the Neptune anchored safely in "St. John's Roads."

As they drew near the city in the ship's boats, Frank Harris said: "This is the very city where Napoleon III. made his last effort to recover the throne, when he failed, and was imprisoned in the fortress of Ham. Don't you remember, Sam, that Fred Prescott read all about it to us one evening?"

"Yes, indeed! I wonder if the Emperor don't think of it now."

"I should think he would, anyway; there are the very barracks where he went to rouse the soldiers."

"Yes," interrupted Ingles; "I read somewhere in a history of Louis Napoleon, that when he started for Boulogne, he and his companions

carried a tame eagle, which they intended at a favorable moment to let loose, that the enthusiasm of the French people might be more easily roused; but neither the soldiers nor the eagle were ready to play their part, and so the affair ended in a failure."

"And don't you remember, too," chimed in Sam, "another great disappointment that Napoleon Bonaparte himself had here?"

"No," said Fred. "What was it?"

"When he was made First Consul, France and England seemed to have a spite against each other; it had commenced some time before, and proceeded so far that boats, fortifications, and troops were prepared for the purpose of an attack; and, as the Peace of Amiens did not last very long, Bonaparte thought the best plan would be to push the matter right through."

"If that was his idea, I guess he wouldn't rest till it was accomplished," said young Ingles.

"Well, he did all he could, anyway," continued Sam, "for he required every city and village in France to furnish all the means they could raise for carrying out the plan. And as Boulogne was to be the headquarters of the military operations, the whole city was entirely made over; one part being handsomely laid out as a residence for the families of the soldiers and officers, while the remainder of the town was used for garrisons, fortifications, and drill-

grounds. All the preparations necessary for a regular naval battle were completed; the troops expected to start from Boulogne and unite with those at Brest and Texel, in all about 150,000 men, and land in short order on the English coast. Bonaparte had just been proclaimed Emperor, and came in great state to the city."

"Was he going with the fleet?" asked Hal.

"I suppose so. I don't think he would have missed it for a good deal. He expected a great admiral—I think his name was Villeneuve—who had been trying to get out of the way of the famous Lord Nelson in the West Indies.'

"What did he want of him, Sam?"

"Oh! to go on with his own troops and fight the British in the English Channel, while Napoleon went forward with his great squadron and landed on the shores of Britain."

"Well! did he succeed?"

"No, not exactly; for this Villeneuve had met another English admiral, named Calder, on the way, and while he was settling matters with him, the English fleet, having got wind of the movement of the French, without delay settled themselves in the Straits of Dover, which, of course, at once knocked the plans of the French in the head, as they say."

"Well! what did Bonaparte do then?"

"He didn't remain idle, you may be sure, for he sent his army post-haste through Ger-

many, gained the great victory of Austerlitz, took Vienna, and made the famous treaty of Presburg."

"What became of the Boulogne fleet?"

"The English tried to burn it; made a great fire and smoke, but did little damage, and so gave up the attempt. Napoleon always regretted that he had not pushed his plan through, for, I believe, he would rather have taken England than all Europe."

"And yet, it was England after all that took him, when nearly all Europe had tried and failed to do so."

"Yes, that's a fact," was Sam's reply. "But here we are, safely moored in the harbor; wonder what's next on the programme."

The "*programme*" was soon made known when, after supper, all repaired to the cabin. They would spend the night there on board, and early in the morning some of the officers and middies would go through the city on a tour of discovery; those who had formed the second party visiting the consul would this time have the preference and go first to-morrow; thus alternating each time, there could be no cause of complaint from any quarter.

From the upper deck they could distinctly see the lights of the city. Either the Emperor had arrived or was expected soon, for there seemed to be a general illumination; fireworks

in different parts of the town were constantly flashing here and there to add to the beauty of the scene, varied with booming of cannon and firing of lighter artillery in honor of the occasion. The next morning, the admiral, accompanied by the consul, some of the officers with their wives, and about a dozen of the young middies, were taken by the ship's boats to the shore. As they entered the city, they passed the magnificent monument, 164 feet high, erected to commemorate the events we have already related, connected with the great armament equipped by Bonaparte for the invasion of England.

It really seemed as if all the world had congregated in Boulogne that day. The public streets, houses, balconies, windows, roofs, and even the very chimneys were crowded with people in holiday attire. The city itself was gayly decorated with wreaths, banners, arches, pictures, and mottoes of every conceivable device. Companies of soldiers and bands of music were met at every corner, helping to diversify the scene by their gay costume and enlivening music.

The admiral ascertained on inquiry that the Emperor arrived the night before; and a magnificent reception was to be given him that morning by the city authorities. In the afternoon he would have a grand military review at the "Camp de Boulogne."

As our friends had come to see all they could, the consul, who had often been in the city, proposed to be their guide, which offer was gladly accepted. The crowd seemed to be surging in one direction, and, following the same course, our party soon found themselves on an elevation overlooking the public square where the reception was to take place.

"We are fortunate to have secured this position," said the consul; "for as his majesty will pass through the main entrance near us, we can have a full view of everything."

And they accordingly took their stations, determined to keep them, though the pressure from the crowd was so great that it seemed at times as if they would be borne away in spite of themselves.

After patiently waiting, and watching the busy scene around them, an unusual stir in the crowd and the strains of distant music announced the approach of the Emperor; while occasional "vivas" reached their ears from a distance, which gradually became more distinct as it was taken up and echoed from one to the other, until at length the grand old "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst loud, clear, and joyously from the vast crowd, and was repeated over and over again, as if the generous enthusiasm of the people never could be expressed as much as they wished. Hats were thrown up, handker-

chiefs waved, and the excitement seemed fairly to have reached its height as his majesty appeared in an open carriage, the mayor of the city by his side, with two famous generals seated opposite. Another carriage followed, containing the Empress in all her youthful beauty, with the mayoress and two ladies of the court. The Emperor wore the uniform of general of division, smiling and bowing graciously to the crowds through which he passed and who welcomed him so enthusiastically.

As our friends caught sight of him the consul said:

"Ah! his majesty has changed since I last saw him. He looks many years older, and careworn, too, as if the duties of his high position weighed heavily upon him."

"It is his own work," said Mr. L. "He changed France into an Empire and himself into an Emperor, and now he must take the consequences."

"Yes, that is true," replied the consul; "but I cannot help thinking he finds the task a little harder than he would like sometimes. These receptions, if nothing else, must be very tiresome. Even the honor which they bring would not pay for the trouble, I think."

The young middies who heard the conversation, however, seemed to have different views, as they thought it must be the very height of

human happiness to receive such honors. More experience would have given them truer views on the subject.

In the centre of the square, under a magnificent pavilion, two richly ornamented thrones were placed, with seats near them, for the use of the Emperor, Empress, and other great personages who were to take part in the ceremonies. Having taken the places assigned them, music by the band was given, when the usual addresses of welcome to their imperial majesties followed; to which the Emperor replied, assuring all of the pleasure he experienced in revisiting again the scene of so many important events in his life, congratulating the citizens on the success of their efforts in building the railway which would be opened that day for the first time, and concluded with his best wishes for their continued prosperity. Deputations from the city and neighboring districts were then presented to Napoleon, after which more music from the band, when the ceremonies were concluded, and the imperial visitors returned to the quarters assigned them for rest and refreshment. In the mean time a messenger was sent by the admiral with a note to the Emperor, stating the object of the desired interview, and wishing to know when it could take place. The consul also added a request to be allowed to accompany the admiral.

In the afternoon, at the hour appointed for the military review, our friends, who had taken time to rest, repaired to the Camp de Boulogne. The scene was particularly attractive to the young middies. And indeed it was a magnificent sight. Far as the eye could reach in the open space reserved for the soldiers, divisions, regiments, and companies, with brilliant uniform, glittering arms, and waving plumes, were marching and countermarching, either as cavalry or infantry, obedient to the least word or sign of the commanding officer.

The military salute was given, the soldiers presenting arms, as Napoleon and his friends, all on horseback, rode along the immovable line before them. After that, taking their station at the centre of the Camp, each division filed in order before them, with most exact regularity, all the while the band playing stirring military airs. A mock fight then followed, after which the Emperor congratulated the troops upon their fine martial appearance, assuring them that he would know where to go for real soldiers when he needed them. Loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" were echoed and re-echoed from all sides as he withdrew from the field.

When our friends returned to the hotel in the evening they found a note from Napoleon, appointing ten o'clock the next morning for the desired interview, adding that it would give him

great pleasure to meet the consul again, whom he well remembered. As it was late, they all decided it would be best to leave at once for the Neptune; they accordingly hastened to the landing, and soon found themselves safe on board the ship, which now really seemed to them more like a true home than any other place. They gladly related the stirring scenes through which they had passed, exciting the interest of all who listened to them. Being very tired, they retired at an early hour for the rest they so much needed.

The next morning, Mr. Lawrence, with the consul, and those who had not gone before, started shortly after eight bells for the city. It was arranged that all but the admiral and Mr. B. would entertain themselves during the forenoon with the sights of the town, which seemed to be as lively and full of people as the day before, while the important interview with the Emperor should take place. The two gentlemen were kindly received by his majesty, having been duly presented by one of the noblemen.

After some general conversation upon the many changes, both pleasant and adverse, that had taken place since the consul had last seen Napoleon in England, they naturally turned to the object of the admiral's visit. As there were several visitors in the room, it was of course thought best to retire into a private apartment,

which they did without delay, Mr. Lawrence then presented his letters, etc., from the President and Secretary of State, together with one or two from old friends of the Emperor in New York. After carefully reading them all, an animated discussion followed regarding the points at issue. Mr. Lawrence, aided by the consul, urging all he could think of in favor of his own government, while his majesty was equally strenuous in maintaining the rights of France. At length certain concessions were proposed which each government should make in regard to the other; but before the matter could be finally settled, the admiral must await further instructions from the President, while the Emperor would lay the matter before the officers of the imperial court.

In the friendly conversation which followed, Mr. Lawrence briefly explained the nature of the voyage he was making with his friends and pupils. The Emperor was much interested in the description given.

"If your majesty is so much pleased with what Mr. Lawrence has told you, I am sure you would be more than delighted if you could see the practical working of the plan itself," said Mr. B.

"I have no doubt of it," was the reply; "for the idea itself is excellent, and if well carried out, must prove of great advantage to those engaged in it."

"For the past few days," continued the consul, "I have had a chance to test the efficacy of the attempt, and must confess that it more than meets my expectations."

The Emperor, looking at his watch, said: "It is a little past noon; I have some appointments here this afternoon, from which I cannot well free myself, but I believe I might steal a little time towards evening, leave the good people here, who are sometimes too kind for comfort, and go down to your steamer, though it must be of course as a private citizen; otherwise there would be little pleasure for me."

"I shall be only too happy if your majesty will honor us in this way."

"Remember, gentlemen, I do not want any display or parade; let me go with you as a personal friend, for a little quiet enjoyment, and then I can the better judge of your plans and arrangements. To tell you the truth, I am so anxious to do all I can for the good of France, that I often find little occasions like this will afford me many useful ideas that I could obtain in no other way. Your plan may be the beginning of something similar for our young Frenchmen, who need just such restraint and discipline to make them what they ought to be, and what I so earnestly desire them to become."

"When and where shall we await your majesty this evening?" asked the consul.

"Here, gentlemen, at seven o'clock," was the brief reply.

"Very well, sir," said the admiral, and they then withdrew.

NOTE.—To avoid the erroneous ideas which some may form regarding the "Florida Reefs" from what has been said, we would simply remark, that the statement cannot at all conflict with the Scripture account of the Creation; since those who insist upon six literal days, also admit that this wondrous work was accomplished with all the appearances of age and long development which lead scientific men to conclude that the world is actually as old as these physical evidences would indicate.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT FROM THE EMPEROR.

AFTER leaving the Emperor, the admiral and Mr. B. joined their young friends as they had agreed at their hotel. While enjoying a good dinner, the young middies related their morning's adventures, having visited the barracks where the soldiers were on parade, and then amused themselves watching the same dense concourse of people as yesterday, who were eagerly looking for the Emperor, as they seemed to have a sort of indefinite idea that he would appear from some quarter, though where or when they could not tell.

"And yet, after all our waiting," said Alfred Lawrence, the admiral's son, "we didn't so much as see a shadow of the Emperor, and I'd rather see him than all Boulogne put together."

"It's too bad, I know," chimed in young Ingles. "Who knows but we may have a chance yet?"

"About as much prospect as there is of seeing the man in the moon," replied Alfred.

"Why so? His majesty will certainly be abroad this afternoon, I should think."

"Not much danger," said Alf, as he was familiarly called. "Father just said the Emperor told him he had engagements with persons that would keep him at his hotel all the afternoon; then this evening he has to attend a grand party and ball given by the whole city; besides, we are to leave at seven o'clock; so I'd like to know where our chance is to come in?"

"It does seem rather doubtful, Alf," was Fred's reply; "but there is a friend whom your father met this morning, who is to go with us when we return to the Neptune. So if we can't see the Emperor, we'll have a visitor anyway."

"Who is he?" asked Sam.

"I don't know. The admiral didn't give his name, but said it was some one the consul used to know in England, and he wanted to see how we managed things on board our vessel."

"Oh, well," replied Sam, "that'll do just as well. If we don't see the Emperor now, we may some other time. Besides, I suppose he looks pretty much like all other men."

"I know that, Sam," interrupted Ingles; "but it's the *emperor* we want to see, and not the man."

"Why, what's the difference?" asked Sam, laughing. "I don't believe you can see one without the other, very well, if you should meet his majesty."

"'What's the difference?' Why, simply

that every *emperor* you see is a *man*, to be sure but every *man* isn't an *emperor!* That's logic, ain't it?"

There was no time for a reply, however, as, dinner being ended, they withdrew to arrange their plans for the afternoon, which included a visit to many places of interest in the city: among which were the public bath-house, a free naval school, museum of antiquity and natural history, a public English reading-room, nearly a fourth of the population being English residents.

Fishing seemed to be the principal occupation of the people, about three hundred vessels being constantly employed in the business. Our friends were much interested in visiting a certain part of the city, which they were told was reserved exclusively for the residence of the fishermen and their families. They mingle so little with the other inhabitants that they have a peculiar dialect of their own, and seldom marry or even visit out of their district. They also have a costume peculiar to themselves, with manners and customs differing from their neighbors in the other parts of the city.

Six o'clock was the hour appointed for returning to the hotel, where they all punctually met. After supper, it was decided that Mr. Lawrence and the consul should go for their friend who was to visit them, and meet the rest of the party at the landing about seven o'clock.

The latter arrived at the wharf before the gentlemen, and after waiting awhile, began to wonder who the stranger could be that was expected, without, however, arriving at any very satisfactory conclusion regarding him. In a little while the three gentlemen appeared. The stranger wore a long military cloak, but as he stepped quickly into the boat awaiting him and pushed off directly with the other two they had little chance for more than a passing glimpse. They could see, however, that he was tall, straight, and had an air of great dignity as he bowed to them in passing, returning the military salute they gave him.

"He must be a soldier," said Hal Foster, as they went skimming lightly over the water.

"What makes you think so?" asked Alfred.

"Oh, I don't know exactly; he looks like one; and then he returned our salute just as a real soldier would do. Besides, he wore a military cloak."

"Well, perhaps he is. We'll soon find out when we get to the Neptune."

A few more strokes of the oar, and they found themselves, "with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," close under her bows, and soon safe on deck. After waiting a short time in the cabin for rest and a little refreshment, in honor of their guest, whom the admiral simply introduced as an old friend of

the consul who wished to see a little of the life they led, all were told to go on with their duties as usual, while the gentlemen went the rounds of the ship. As some of the middies were busy with a little work on the lower deck, young Lawrence said:

"Did you get a good look at the gentleman?"

"Yes; pretty fair," was Hal's reply.

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"Oh, I guess he'll do. I thought he looked a little stern, as if I'd be afraid of him; for when the admiral introduced us, he gave each one a quick, sharp look, as if he wanted to see what we were good for."

"Did he seem to be suited with us?" asked Welcher, laughing, who secretly hoped he had made a favorable impression, whoever the stranger might be.

"I guess so, for he nodded at the admiral and said: 'Je suis content d'eux. Ils me plaisent très-bien.' I suppose he thought we wouldn't understand him if he said it in French, but I caught the words; and I guess he knew by my looks that I could tell what he meant, for he shrugged his shoulders and smiled as he asked: 'Comprenez-vous?' Of course I said, 'Oui, monsieur, parfaitement.'"

"Good for you, Sam," said Hal. "I begin to think he's some officer, perhaps a great gen-

eral; for as he stepped on board, his cloak caught on the edge of the boat, and as I loosened it for him I noticed he had on a rich uniform; but he drew the cloak around him so quickly that I couldn't see just what it was like."

"I know you'll laugh when I tell you, boys," chimed in young Ledley, who had gone on the first day's trip to Boulogne, "but any how, this gentleman looks a little to me like the Emperor. He's about his height and figure; the tone of his voice reminded me of him a little, too."

"Well, Ledley, you're on a wild goose chase, I guess; for I believe that man is as likely to be your grandmother as the Emperor;" and the boys laughed heartily at Ledley's fancy. Just then they were called on deck for a drill exercise. They found the admiral and consul with their guest, besides the ship's officers and some of the ladies, awaiting them. Having formed into position the admiral, turning to the Emperor, said, smiling:

"Perhaps you will review them yourself, sire; as I believe you have had a little experience in such matters."

"Certainement, si vous voulez. Parlent-ils le Francais?"

Having been told that they could speak French, he proceeded in his native tongue to give some short commands, in a quick, decided tone that kept the young middies on the alert

But they showed themselves ready for the commands, as soon as uttered, which seemed greatly to please him, as he occasionally exclaimed, "Hi! bien, très-bien!" between the orders. When he had finished, he complimented them highly on their soldierly appearance, and thanked them for the pleasure they had given him; at the same time assuring the admiral that he would gladly avail himself of what he had seen, and requested one of the young middies to write out the order of their duties and send it to him.

"Certainly, I will do so," was Ledley's reply; to whom the Emperor addressed himself. "Will you please tell me where to send it, sir?"

His majesty hesitated a moment; then, taking a card from his pocket, he wrote something hastily on it and handed it to the young middy, who looked at it, hesitated, blushed, and seemed much confused.

"Can you not read it?" asked Napoleon. "I own it is very badly written."

"I am not sure, sir," was the reply, as he looked again at the card. "It cannot be what it seems: 'Napoleon III., Palais Royale, Paris.'"

"The same—you are right;" and throwing off his cloak and a kind of square hat he had worn, the Emperor Napoleon stood before them in his magnificent uniform, laughing heartily at the puzzled look of surprise and delight on the

faces of those around him, the admiral and consul being as much amused as his majesty.

"Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to present to you his imperial majesty the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who wisely adopted this method of finding out our manner of life, as he may possibly try a similar experiment with some of his young Frenchmen."

When all had sufficiently recovered from their astonishment, the Emperor conversed familiarly with them, repeatedly expressing the pleasure his short visit had given him, seeming thoroughly to enjoy himself, forgetting the heavy cares and duties that rested upon him. Even the little ones, who were attracted by his gay uniform, came in for a share of his attentions and caresses: he told them of his dear little son Louis, who he knew would like to see them, etc. At length, noticing that it was growing late, he rose to take leave, at the same time reminding young Ledley of his promise to send the statement he desired."

As he observed the admiral preparing to accompany him, his majesty said: "Now, sir, I cannot allow that: let me have a few of your young middies to row me to the shore, and I'll find my way home. But the admiral could not be persuaded until the Emperor insisted so positively that he was obliged to yield. Sam Jones, Ledley, Hal, Fred, and Alf Lawrence were

detailed as body-guard, while Don would act as pilot.

They were not long in reaching the landing: the Emperor talking with them very kindly, asking many questions regarding their duties, etc., while they regularly and vigorously plied the oars, showing that this important part of their training had by no means been neglected.

Don remained with the boat while the young middies escorted the Emperor to his quarters, who, no longer caring to disguise himself, had consigned his cloak to the care of the boys. Of course he was quickly recognized as they passed rapidly through the streets, but he managed to escape the attentions of which he was the object. When at length he arrived at his hotel, a large crowd had already gathered to receive him, all wondering who his body-guard could be; he kindly invited them in, but as it was late, they felt it their duty to decline, and accordingly took leave, the Emperor promising they should hear from him, when he returned to Paris, and had received Ledley's promised account.

As may readily be supposed the young sailors were highly elated with the honor they had received both in the visit of his majesty as well as in the privilege of acting as his escort.

As the Neptune was to leave port the next morning, they were obliged to bid adieu to the

consul, who wished to remain a day or two longer in Boulogne. They were all sorry to part with him, for he had made himself friendly with every one from Lillie to Jack and Jill; but the hope of meeting him again, either in England or America, comforted them a little.

The admiral prepared his dispatches for the President, after the others had retired to rest, and gave them to Mr. B., who kindly offered to take charge of them, and as soon as he reached England would forward without delay to America. While waiting for the final decision in the government business, it was arranged that they should cruise for a few weeks in the Mediterranean Sea, where the students would have ample time for their regular lessons, as well as leisure to study the wonderful beauties continually found there.

Accordingly, at an early hour the next morning, the noble vessel weighed anchor, and was once more out on the wide and boundless ocean.

"Now, my boys," said the admiral, "you have had considerable recreation for the last week or ten days, but I do not think you will be any the worse for it; you can study all the harder now, so the time will not be lost." All readily acquiesced in the wishes of their kind teacher and went to work in good earnest.

"Well," said Ledley, the next day, as he with some of his companions were leaning over

the quarter-railing, watching the sea-gulls as they skimmed over the surface of the water, "I wasn't so far out of the way after all when I said that gentleman looked like the Emperor; now the tables are turned on you, and I ought to laugh at your blindness."

"Blindness!" interrupted Alfred; "who'd ever have dreamed of the Emperor coming to see us?"

"I don't know; why not?" replied Sam. "It showed his good sense to come the way he did, just for the sake of learning something that would be of use to his subjects. I think ten times more of him for doing it just as he did, than if he had come with a whole regiment of officers, and made a great parade about it."

"Oh yes, to be sure, so do I," said Hal. "You know, when Peter the Great, of Russia, wanted to learn ship-building, so that it might be improved in his own country, instead of sending a company of men out of the kingdom to study the art, he went himself as an ordinary man, and after travelling a while to see how the business was carried on in the best way, he finally settled down at Amsterdam in Holland."

"Did he just spend his time in study of ship-building?" asked Fred.

"Oh no; he went to the dock-yard and worked hard like the other carpenters; after he had learned all he could there, he crossed over to England to find out still more about it."

"How long did he stay away?"

"About sixteen months, I believe and when he came home, had made such good use of his time that he was able to train others in the business, and soon Russia had one of the greatest fleets in the world."

"Then, don't you remember, when he founded the city which was named for him and afterwards became the capital, he built a small hut for himself, and a few other wooden houses. It was seven years before a brick house was erected there, and that was by some Russian count; I believe his name was Golovkin, or something like it; then after that, Peter built one for himself," said Lawrence.

"Well, if that great Emperor began by doing such common things, just for the good of his kingdom, I don't wonder they think so much of him, for it showed he really loved them," chimed in Ledley. "Hal and Fred, I believe, said once they'd like to be consul and commodore; I don't know but I'll try to be Emperor, though the prospect isn't very bright just now," he added, laughing.

"I was thinking I'd do the same thing too," interrupted Jim Welcher; "to be sure I never heard of an American being king, but it would be all the better if I was the first of that nation to sit on a throne. I was never as badly off as this Emperor Napoleon's mother."

"Why, Jim, what was the trouble with her?" asked Ledley.

"I read somewhere that when her mother, Josephine, was in prison on account of some revolution in France, Hortense and her brother Eugene were taken care of by an old nurse; but as she could not get enough to support them, and they did not like to see her working so hard, they concluded to try to earn something themselves. So Hortense sewed for a dressmaker, and Eugene worked with a joiner."

"Well," said Sam, "I don't think they were any the worse for that; and I am pretty sure that whatever place we fill we'll have to work for it, whether our fathers are rich or poor."

"I think about the same too," replied Fred; "and when you're Emperor, Jim, I hope you won't forget to give all us poor middies a good berth somewhere."

"I'll promise you that," he answered, laughing.

The eight bells at noon just then struck, so all hastened on deck to take the reckoning. A few days' sail brought them to the Straits of Gibraltar. Ledley having prepared the promised report for the Emperor in his best style, it was forwarded from there direct to Paris, with a request from the admiral that the dispatches regarding the government business might be sent as soon as possible to Naples, where he

would await them, as well as those from America, and thus conclude the negotiations without delay.

While at the Straits, our friends had an opportunity of watching the method by which sardines are prepared for the market, as this seemed to be the common occupation of many fishermen along the Mediterranean coast and among the islands. They were told, however, that the finest came from Portugal and Brittany. It seems that men, women, and children are employed in the work of curing this delicate fish. Many are sold fresh and packed in dried salt. If the season is a favorable one, besides those reserved for exportation, 400,000 boxes are used in the home market, besides some that are sold in barrels.

One day, with permission from the admiral, a party of the middies went ashore to observe the process of preparing the sardines for sale. When they arrived, they noticed a white flag floating from a high post, and were told this was a signal that the curers wanted some fish: as soon as it was observed by the fishermen, numberless little boats came dancing over the waters, eager to be the first on shore; having disposed of their load, they quickly rowed away for more. The fish were first cleaned, beheaded, arranged according to their size, and then thoroughly washed in sea-water: after that dried on

nets or willows, when they were thrown into a pan of boiling oil; great care is required that they shall not remain here too long, as they would be liable to fall in pieces, besides injuring the flavor of the delicate fish. When taken out, they are placed on gratings two rows deep, for the oil to drip away; then they are put in boxes filled with pure oil, and immediately sealed. For the purpose of testing the process, they are boiled in a steam-chest. If the boxes bulge, they are considered sound and fit for the market Both in boiling and packing sardines the purest olive oil is used. It was amusing to watch the persons engaged in the work, all busy as bees, the men giving the orders and doing the hardest part; the women scraping and cleaning, now and then stopping to give a tap on the head, when the younger ones lagged a little as they washed and dried the boxes, carried the water, and did the little odd jobs for their mothers and sisters; but with all their hurry, they managed to keep up an incessant chatter and merry laughter that never for a moment died out. This made the young middies conclude that sardine-curers were the happiest people on the face of the earth, and, in fact, it did seem as if they hardly knew the meaning of care or trouble.

Mr. Lawrence had told his pupils, on leaving America, that he would like each one to observe carefully whatever was worth remembering, and

when they met at table or in the cabin after supper, these little items could be repeated for the benefit of each other. "But, remember," he said, "it is not necessary for you to wait for something extraordinary; often the simplest things around you will furnish a rich store of information." And so it often proved; for one day, as young Lawrence was cleaning one of the guns with a sponge, he began to wonder where sponges came from—if they grew, or how they were formed. How strange, he thought to himself! I've used a sponge ever since I can remember, either to wash my face at home or my slate at school, and yet I never even wondered where it was found; and he began closely to examine it, but he did not get much satisfaction. It did not look like a plant or an animal, and certainly it wasn't a stone or mineral.

"Perhaps it's a mushroom or a toad-stool dried," he said, half aloud.

"What's a toad-stool dried?" asked Ledley, who happened to overhear the last remark.

"Oh! nothing," replied Alfred. "I was only thinking to myself."

"But, what is it, anyway? You might as well tell."

"Why, I was just looking at this sponge and wondering where it came from, and so on."

"Sure enough, I never thought much about it either."

"And as I couldn't settle the matter quite satisfactorily, I was just thinking it might as well be a dried mushroom as anything else."

"Seems to me, Alf, I've heard or read that they are found in the sea, and a good many in the Mediterranean; and as we are just coming into it, we shall have a good chance to find out if it is so."

"But why not ask Mr. Lawrence? He can tells us, for he knows all about the world and everything in it. I wonder how he managed to learn so much?"

"I asked him once," said Ledley; "and he said 'he just picked it up.' But I know very well if you say anything to him about that sponge, he'll say, 'Go to work and find out for yourself.'"

"That's so, Will; but it's pretty hard work, sometimes; though I believe, after all, it's the best way. You are sure to remember it then."

"But any way, Alf, we'll keep on the look-out for sponge as soon as we are fairly out on the Mediterranean. But here they are coming for us to go ashore."

About twenty formed the company, composed, as usual, partly of middies who were off duty at that time, some of the officers, ladies, and children. They landed at the town of Gibraltar, on the northwest side of the famous Pillars of Hercules, about which they had heard

so much, and were of course very anxious to see. They found them composed of a kind of gray marble, about three miles in length and seven in circuit, and rising on the northeast and south sides almost perpendicularly for 1,600 feet. The west side, however, is more sloping, where are seen the town and chief fortifications. Our friends saw many cavities in the rock, where, they were told, the bones of men and animals had sometimes been found. As these Pillars are admirably situated for fortifications, and wars were frequent between Spain and Africa, they have been so adapted as to answer the purpose for which nature seems to have designed them—that of protecting the coast.

While making their tour of the rock, they found an opening which seemed larger than the other caverns. Led on by curiosity, they entered, and found it was a passage cut in the solid rock. They could plainly see for some distance before them, as holes had been pierced about every two rods, at which the guns could be mounted in battle, while the soldiers would be well protected within. The passage was wide enough for a carriage, and they were told by some persons whom they met on the way, that it extended nearly three miles. All listened eagerly as the admiral recounted some of the terrible battles fought within and without the rock; particularly those between the Spaniards

and English, commenced in July, 1779, and continued almost without cessation until February, 1783, when general peace was declared.

There was nothing remarkable in the town, which was at the foot of the hill, near the place where they had moored their boats. The style of buildings and general appearance were very much like the outskirts of Liverpool, and made the travellers almost think they were in England again.

The inhabitants seemed rather reserved; and strange as it may seem, yet it is true, they are opposed to the arrival of new residents. Consequently the place increases but little, and of late years has considerably declined in prosperity. Those coming from abroad are allowed to remain only for a short time in the town, and before entering must give security for good behavior. Had it not been for the famous Pillars of Hercules, our friends would hardly have felt repaid for the trouble of landing. Towards evening they returned to the Neptune, where it was pleasant to feel there were warm and friendly hearts waiting for them, with no danger of undergoing the inspection to which they had been subjected at Gibraltar.

Before sunrise the next morning they weighed anchor, and were almost out of sight of land before the younger portion of the company appeared on deck. At length the last

faint outline of the famous Pillars of Hercules disappeared from view, and they were fairly afloat on the beautiful Mediterranean. The water at first seemed of a deep blue; but as they proceeded, it gradually changed to green, and then was finally lost in a bright purple, the nearer they advanced in an easterly direction.

CHAPTER X.

CORSICA—BONAPARTE'S HOME.

"ISN'T the Island of Corsica around here somewhere?" asked May Prescott, a few days after leaving Gibraltar.

"Well, you little goose," said Fred; "don't you know where it is? Didn't we sight it just after we left Liverpool?" for, like all brothers, Fred was fond of quizzing a little, once in awhile.

"I don't remember," replied May, looking a little puzzled, as if trying to recall it. "Did we? Somehow I thought it was here in the Mediterranean; but I suppose you are right; you ought to know."

"But why did you ask?" continued Fred.

"Oh, because I thought that was the place where Napoleon was born, and I'd like to stop there if we could."

"What, May, do you mean the emperor that visited us while we anchored at Boulogne?"

"No, indeed, Fred," she answered, rather quickly, as she began to suspect her brother was making game of her. "I guess I know better

than that. He was Louis Napoleon, and it was Napoleon Bonaparte that was born at Corsica."

"Oh ho! is that so? I'm glad you know that much, little parrot. But supposing you ask Mr. Lawrence if we didn't pass Corsica somewhere out on the Atlantic.'

But May seemed to pay little attention to the last remark; she was busy recalling something she appeared to have almost forgotten. At last she jumped up, clapped her hands, and said: "I have it now. Archipelago, Ionian Isles, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Balearic Isles, etc."

"Why, May, are you crazy? What do you mean by that string of names?"

And she commenced repeating them again: "Archipelago, Ionian—there, I'm right, I know for sure. Corsica is in this sea, somewhere."

"How do you know, Miss Prescott?" asked Fred, laughing.

"Well, Fred, I'll tell you. One of the questions in a geography lesson I missed the other day and had to learn again was, 'What are the principal islands in the Mediterranean Sea?' It took me so long to get them perfectly, that I don't believe I shall ever forget them; and that was the way I knew Corsica was in this sea, somewhere. I only had time to learn the names of the islands; couldn't stop to find out just where they were; but I believe it must be

near Sardinia, becau e it comes right after it in the row of names."

"Well, well; that's a pretty way to learn geography. What good will it do you, if you can't tell where the places are that you study about?"

"Oh, I don't know. Mamma tells me always to hunt them out; but I hardly ever have time."

May's ideas of geography were rather loose and ill defined, as it required more application than she chose to give it—thinking if she learned the mere answers to the questions, that was quite as much as she could afford to tax her brain, although her mother had told her many, many times it would be far better to learn the exact position of a few places, than a whole list of names without a thought of their situation. But May had to find out by her own experience, like many other persons, that the advice of those older than herself was safer to follow than her own wishes and opinions.

At length she concluded the best plan would be to take her atlas and see just where Corsica was, and then there would be no chance for a mistake. She was glad to find, after all, that it was as near Sardinia as the Straits of Bonifacio would let it come; and on looking at the "Bulletin" for the day, which had just been hung up, she could tell by the ship's position and compar-

ing it with the situation of the island, pretty nearly their distance from it.

I would say to those of my readers who are not familiar with the terms used on board ship, that when the captain takes his reckoning at noon, as we have described in a previous chapter, he writes out distinctly on a card the result of his calculations, which gives the latitude and longitude, and the distance the ship has sailed since yesterday; as—

Lat. 40° 20′
Long. 12° 25′
250 *miles.*

This card is called the "Bulletin" for the day, and is hung up where every one can see it; this saves the trouble of asking many useless questions of the sailors, who are not very fond of them, and will be apt to give you wrong answers, for they like a little fun as well as other people once in a while. May was glad to find that they would "sight" Sardinia in a few hours.

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence," she exclaimed as he entered the cabin while she was busy with her atlas, "we'll soon come to Sardinia, won't we?"

"What makes you think so, May?"

"Oh! I've been studying it out on the map, and I found by the 'Bulletin' just now that we are not far from it; and as it is so near Corsica,

I thought perhaps you would stop at Ajaccio. You know that is a sea-port."

"Why, dear; what have you to do at Ajaccio?"

"You know, sir, that was where all the Bonapartes were born; and I would like so much to see it."

"Well, as I must go to Naples to await dispatches, we may as well go through the Straits of Bonifacio; and could afford to give a day or so to Ajaccio, I guess," was the kind reply as he looked at May's eager face, and patted her on the cheek, saying, "That'll do; won't it?"

"Yes indeed; thank you sir ever so much," and she darted off, hoping she might even now catch a glimpse of the island; but it was late in the evening before the first faint outline became visible.

Early in the morning, when all hastened on deck, there was the beautiful Island of Corsica lying before them. As they approached the western coast near Ajaccio, they were greatly amused by several little boys, from five or six to a dozen years of age, diving in and out of the sea like dolphins, singing merry little Italian songs; now and then shouting "Buona mano, signior," "A little present, sir," when persons from the other vessels in the harbor would throw pieces of coin into the water; the rogues then darted down: in a moment up they would

come holding the money in their hands, shouting and laughing louder than ever. In a little boat near by two men were seated, one of whom seemed to have the care of the divers, for they would now and then swim over to the boat, give the money they had received, and plunge back again for more.

The young middies were not slow in hunting up the stray pieces of coin they possessed, and soon enticed the little fellows with a liberal shower of silver, which they acknowledged by a graceful nod of the head.

Some of them were bright, handsome boys, and it seemed a pity that they should lead such a life, for this constant diving and swimming was by no means very easy work; as some of them showed, growing listless, and being hardly able to keep above the water; for it was only when they were so exhausted they could not give another stroke with their hands, that the man would take them into the boat and allow them rest for a few moments; when he would tumble them into the water again to continue their work. After watching them for some time, as the divers found no more money was coming from the Neptune, they darted away towards another vessel just entering port, where they could gather a fresh harvest of silver. Supposing all had gone, the persons were about leaving the deck, when Tony the cook noticed a

little boy still swimming around the vessel, as if trying to keep out of sight of his master in the boat, while he attracted the attention of those on board. The old sailor being an Italian, leaned over the gunwale, and asked the little fellow what he wanted. He only replied by holding up one of his hands, which seemed to be cut or wounded in some way, as it was bleeding; and making a sign to be taken on board. Tony hastened down the hatchway, lowered a rope, which the child quickly grasped and climbed with the agility of a squirrel. When he reached the lower deck, Antony threw a loose kind of cloak around him, for he was shivering as if with a chill; his only garment being a coarse red shirt or blouse that came a little below the knees. Tony took him at once by the fire, rubbed him briskly for a few moments, dried him with a rough towel, and rolling him in a blanket, laid him on a bench where he could become warm, for he soon saw that the chill was only the effect of exhaustion and remaining so long in the water. The little fellow poured forth his thanks in most expressive tones, which were repeated again and again when Tony brought him some warm bread and soup, which he eat as if nearly starved. While enjoying his meal, the kind sailor left him to inform the admiral of what had happened.

Mr. Lawrence hastened below, followed by

two or three of the middies, who had overheard the account given by Tony. When the little boy saw the admiral, whose kind face assured him he was a friend, he repeated his thanks as earnestly as before, to which Mr. L. could readily reply, as he spoke Italian fluently. The only thing that seemed to trouble the young boy was lest he might fall into the hands of his master again, for at any sudden noise he would start, look around, and tremble with fear. But when he was told that the man and his boat were nowhere in sight, he became more quiet and contented, saying in broken English, "He think me drowned. He no care; me glad for it;" and with this conclusion, which seemed a matter of course, as if it was no unusual occurrence for one of the divers to meet with such a fate, he stood up quickly, clapped his hands, and laughed for very joy; for he was only too glad to have escaped as he did. On inquiry he told his new friends all he could remember of his history. As nearly as he was able to judge he must then be about ten years old; and had been with his master nearly three years. Before that time he had lived with his mother on another island, although he could not remember the name of it. As his father died when he was an infant, the mother supported herself and her two little boys by helping cure sardines. Guidi—so the little fellow gave his name—would assist her by

carrying the boxes from one place to another as well as by washing the fish. Sometimes he would wander along the shore gathering the pretty shells and stones he found there. One day, as he was taking one of these strolls, a man rowing a boat came near where he was playing, and asked in a pleasant voice if he would not like to take a sail.

Well pleased with the prospect of a ride on the water, he gladly accepted the invitation, and sprang quickly into the boat, as the man gave him his hand, forgetting for the moment how many times his good mamma had cautioned him against going anywhere with a stranger.

The little skiff danced lightly over the waves, and for a while Guidi was as happy as he could wish; telling his new friend all about himself, his mother, and only brother, little Pietro, who he wished had come with him to share his pleasure.

At length, finding it was growing late, he began to think about home, and told the man he was ready to go back.

"Oh, Guidi," was the reply, "we won't have time to-night. You can stay at my home, and go in the morning;" and before the little fellow had time to reply, the skiff made a sudden turn around the corner of an island, which brought them in front of a sort of cave. "Here we are," said the man, as he sprang out of the boat and

moored it safely to a post. "Give me your hand. I think we'll stay here to-night—and perhaps a little longer, too," he added, in a lower tone, which Guidi did not hear. As he stepped on shore, he saw several other boys, some of his own age, and others older, running around the island.

"Are all these your children?" asked Guidi.

"Yes; and you can be one, too, if you like. Don't you want to stay here?"

"No, indeed," was the quick reply, for the little fellow began to think of his home and his own dear mamma, who he knew must now be anxiously watching for her darling boy.

"Well, anyhow, you'll stay here to-night," said the man, a little sternly. "Now go over to the other boys." So saying, the master left him and went into the cave. Poor Guidi—he was almost heart-broken—looked first at the boat, then at the water, as if he must either row, swim, or do something to get to his own home, which never seemed dearer than now. But he well knew that it was impossible to do either of these things; so resigning himself to his fate, he determined to wait patiently until morning. By this time the other boys had gathered around him, asking all sorts of questions in a breath:—Where are you from? What did you come here for? How long are you going to stay? What's your name, etc., etc.—till poor

Guidi was fairly bewildered trying to reply to all at once. They laughed heartily when he told them he was going home in the morning; though why they were so much pleased he could not possibly tell, for they were too well trained to let the secret out so soon. The little stranger looked from one to the other of the boys, of whom there were about a dozen, wondering how they could be so nearly of an age and resemble each other so little. It was his turn now to ask the questions; but he found his new acquaintances were not as communicative as he had been. At length, feeling tired and hungry, he said:

"Don't you have any supper? I want some so much."

"I guess so, if the old woman chooses to give us any." Just then a course, rough voice called out from the cave: "Here, boys, if you want your supper, come and get it."

They did not need a second summons; for all started as if they had been shot, and made for the cave. One of the boys, who seemed a little more civil than the rest, and whom they called Carl, waited for Guidi, telling him to go now, or he would not get any. He quickly followed, glad of a prospect of satisfying his hunger. A dim light hung from the middle of the cave. At the further end was a curtain, which, as the wind occasionally stirred, he could see

led into another room. The boys were crouched down on the floor, each holding a small tin bowl. An old, gray-haired woman was busy stirring something in a kettle over the fire, stopping now and then to give the boys a sharp word, and a hard slap with the stick when they became too noisy. Presently taking a dipper, and calling each boy in turn, Josef, Carl, Franc, Pietro, Don, etc., one by one they came up as she poured the hot soup in their bowls, giving a crust of black bread with it. While the others were being served, Guidi had a chance to look around the cave. In one corner was an old ragged mattress; a few broken dishes were piled on a shelf; two or three guns, a large revolver, some boat-hooks, fishing-nets, and two or three chairs and stools completed the furniture, or rather contents of the gloomy place. There was nothing inviting anywhere around, from the man who sat leisurely smoking a pipe, and the old woman who poured out the soup, to the dirty, neglected-looking children who ate their meal in silence, as if afraid to speak; for the man had just snapped a long whip over their backs, which completely silenced them all. Guidi took his soup, and crouched down by Carl, both for protection and because he thought the man could not see him as well. In spite of his hunger he could not force himself to eat the sour, bitter broth; one

taste was sufficient, and he put the bowl on the floor beside him. The bread was so hard he could not bite or break it; therefore he left it with the soup.

Carl whispered: "You'd better eat it; if you don't" — and he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders in a far more expressive way than mere words could have done, signifying that he would have to pay the penalty for it. Guidi caught up the bowl again, and holding his breath so as not to taste it, poured down the mixture at a draught, having first softened the bread a little.

When all had finished, the old woman said: "Now to bed, every one of you." Guidi looked around, wondering where his would be; for he did not see a sign of one, except the old mattress in the corner, and surely that would not be enough for two persons, much less for a dozen boys. Carl, noticing his look of perplexity, whispered: "Some of the fellows turn in here; others sleep outside. If you want to, you can come with me." Guidi willingly consented, glad to escape from a place that made him shudder with fear, everything was so gloomy within. His friend led the way to a place between the fence and a tree, where an awning had been stretched. Under it some old blankets and pieces of carpeting were spread, and here the boys stretched themselves

for a night's rest, merely throwing off the loose sort of a blouse which each one wore; so that their morning and evening toilet required but little time.

What a strange father and mother these boys must have, thought Guidi, to treat their children in this way; for young as he was. in his simplicity he did not understand their condition, nor even imagine the fate awaiting him. Sadly he threw himself down by Carl, who made room for him. No holy prayers were said; no mother's tender, loving kiss and sweet "good-night" were given there, the memory of which would come back in after years, knocking at the burdened and careworn heart, driving away sin and temptation, and bringing a peace and joy that nothing else could impart; no, nothing of all this, but, like animals, having been fed and watered, they were turned out to their night's pasture, even with less thought and care than we would generally give our cows or horses.

"Oh! ye mothers and fathers, who, perchance, may read this simple story, pause a moment and think of the effect a loving word or tender caress given now may in after years have upon those whom God has entrusted to you to cherish and care for, and whose souls will at the last day be demanded at your hands. Their young hearts yearn for love and affection, and must have it—and give it too. If you refuse

what they so justly claim, do not wonder if they soon turn elsewhere, even to sinful and forbidden objects, for something that will give them what their very nature craves, thereby burdening your own souls with misery and remorse, and, what is worse yet, with the heavy guilt of the crimes they may commit. Do not treat your cattle, houses, and lands better than your own flesh and blood, or think more of your earthly possessions than of those immortal souls, a part of God's own divinity, which you are to return to Him, as far as you are able, fresh, pure, and sinless as when he committed them to your keeping. You may, perhaps, think a kind look or word of little value; but in the great hereafter, you will find it to have been of priceless worth.

CHAPTER XI.

GUIDI, THE LITTLE ITALIAN DIVER.

IT was long before Guidi could close his eyes that night, but the other boys soon lost their cares and troubles in deep sleep, as the heavy breathing proved. Thinking all were asleep, he was a little startled when he saw Carl leave his place, and, going quietly out, kneel under the tree, repeating his little prayer in a low tone. When he returned, seeing Guidi awake, he said: "I can never go to sleep unless I do that. My dear mother taught me my prayers, and charged me never to forget them, if I wanted the good God to take care of me; and I am sure I need Him now more than ever, for there is no one here who cares anything for me—whether I'm sick or well, happy or not, dead or alive."

"But, why don't you say your prayers when you first come in here?" asked Guidi.

"Oh! the other boys make such a noise, if I begin, that I haven't any peace; and so I wait till they're all asleep."

"But how do you keep awake? Can you always?"

"Oh yes! somehow I'm afraid to sleep till I've done that, for fear something might happen to me; but if I ask the good God to keep me, I'm not afraid of anything, and don't care what comes."

"Isn't that man your father, Carl?" asked Guidi.

Before replying, he looked all around to be sure that no one could hear him, and then said in a low tone:

"If you'll promise not to let on that I've told you, I'll give you the whole secret."

"I'll promise," was the quick reply.

"Well, Guidi, we don't any of us belong to this man. We're all stolen from our homes and kept by him."

"What? Am I stolen, too?" interrupted Guidi, his eyes looking as if they would pop out of his head with terror and surprise.

"Yes, I guess you are, for every boy is that the man, old Feretti, brings; so he calls himself, but I don't believe that's his name, for I've heard Carlotta, the old woman, call him by two or three other different ones."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sighed poor Guidi. "What will I do?" and the big tears rained down his cheeks, while he sprang up, wringing his hands in his agony.

"Be quiet; if you don't, they'll hear you,

and then you'll have something to cry for in earnest."

"But my poor mother, and dear little Pietro! can't I see them again? Oh! if I had only not gone so far away, and been obedient.

"Never mind, Guidi," said Carl, in a soothing tone, for he really pitied the poor boy in his misery; "you didn't mean to do wrong; it can't be helped now; you'll have to make the best of it; so cheer up and be a little man."

"But what does Feretti do with you all?"

"Why, we're divers."

"Divers! What do you mean?"

"Oh! we go out everyday with Feretti in a boat, and paddle round where the great ships come in; as soon as they are near enough, he turns us all out in the water, and makes us dive for the money that the people throw to us just for the fun of seeing us plunge after it."

"What do you do with the money?"

"Give it to our master, to be sure. Sometimes we have a great lot that way; if we don't get much, then he's angry with us, and we get a hard beating: look here," and Carl, baring his arm to the shoulder, showed the remains of many a hard stroke in the red and purple lines with which it was marked.

Guidi shuddered at the sight.

"Can you swim?" asked Carl.

"Yes, like a fish," was the reply.

"Good for you. Can you dive, too?"

"No, indeed, I never tried."

"No matter, you'll soon learn; if you once get used to it, you won't mind so much. I've been here more than two years, and though I'd like mighty well to get away, yet I try to do the best I can, and not think how hard it is."

"Are any of the boys ever drowned?"

"Oh yes! sometimes."

"What does the man do then?"

"Just goes for some more; that was the reason he got you. Guiseppe, who came when I did, went down two days ago, and never came up; so Feretti took you in his place. I am so sorry he is drowned, for he was the best fellow we had here, and I miss him so much. But, Guidi, we must go to sleep now, or you won't be worth a fig to-morrow; and you'll have to be lively then, for I know our master will give you a good training—he always does the new-comers."

"What's that, Carl?"

"Never mind; you'll find out soon enough when it comes." So saying he turned over and was soon sound asleep, while poor Guidi tried in vain to follow his example. It was only at dawn that he had succeeded in dozing a little, when he was roused by Carl shaking him and saying: "Come, hurry up; we have to be off in a few minutes; there's no time to lose."

Guidi rubbed his eyes, and looked around, wondering for a moment where he could be; but soon the sad truth flashed upon him that he was a captive.

Following the example of the other boys, he put on his jacket and little cap, ran down to the river for a bath, then to the cave for breakfast, consisting of the remains of last night's supper, which was even more disgusting than ever; but as he saw it was either that or none, he concluded to take it as one would a dose of medicine —for the good it might do afterwards.

As he was leaving the gloomy hole, Feretti called out to him in a quick rough tone: "Come here, boy. What's your name, and how old are you?"

"Guidi, and I'm seven," was the brief reply, while the poor boy trembled with fear, wondering what was next to come.

"Can you swim?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I may as well tell you first as last, your home will be here for the present; if you work hard and do as I tell you, it'll be all right; but if you don't, look out, sir!" and the man brought his heavy hand down on the boy's head with such force that he started from fright; giving him with it a look which only increased his terror. He then took him down to the water's edge, and said: "Now, Guidi, off with your

clothes, and let us see if you can swim." He obeyed and sprang in, swimming like a fish, almost wishing at the same time that he might be drowned rather than remain with that terrible man.

"That'll do; now come here, and let me see if you can dive."

"No, sir, I can't," was the reply of the breathless boy as he came to the shore.

"Then you'll learn, that's all. Here, stand on this rock," pointing to one about a foot high; "now leap in, and catch this stone that I will throw after you." The little fellow did as he was told, except finding the stone, for as he plunged in, it was all he could do to come up again, without looking for anything.

"Here, try again; you must do it this time anyway," said Feretti in a gruff voice. The same result followed the second and third attempt; when the man, losing his patience, of which he did not seem to have a great stock, "Here, sir," said he, "no more of that; you don't try, or you'd do it by this time;" and he brought his long whip, which he always carried, heavily down on the child's back—one—two three—four times, making him shriek and dance with pain.

"Now you know what to expect, I guess you'll be ready to do as you are told." Another attempt, another failure, another lashing, and

poor Guidi sank down utterly exhausted on the shore. Seeing the child could really do no more, he called one of the boys to put on his clothes, and then to be ready to get into the boat: they all obeyed, while Feretti brought from the cave his hunting and fishing gear, for when there was no chance of diving, he used his gun and nets, so that the trip might not be a useless one. The boys tumbled into the boat in a disorderly kind of way, Guidi following them and crying bitterly.

"That won't do." said Carl, who was at his side; "you mustn't be a baby; if you do you'll have a tough time of it; old Feretti will give it to you worse than ever."

Just then the master appeared, and taking his seat, told the boys to take the oars and be lively, or they would be too late for the steamer due that morning. Obedient to the command, the little canoe was soon flying over the sparkling waters, and they came in sight of the expected vessel: when they were within a stone's throw of it, Feretti called out:

"Now is the time, boys; do your best, for you didn't get much yesterday, and you know what happened," while he shook the whip at them in a threatening manner. That was enough; they tumbled in, except Guidi, and began their day's work.

"Now watch them, boy," said the old man:

"for to-morrow you'll have to do it, or there will be another dressing ready for you, and the second is generally worse than the first." Guidi watched the little divers as they plunged in and out of the sea, bringing the money they found to the man, hardly stopping to take breath: all the time he was thinking of his dear home, and he looked around hoping he could find some familiar island, house, or boat that would tell him he was near those he loved; but no, everything was strange; he had never been there before, he was sure of it.

About noon, as there seemed less money coming in, the man ordered the boys to row to the shore, and giving them a tin can, told them to take their dinner, while he went to a store near by for his. The dinner, as he called it, proved to be merely a little bread and meat, which was soon divided and eaten; and they began to talk about the money they had taken that morning—how rich they would soon be if it could be kept, and not given to the old man.

"I'd use mine to buy a fine ship," said one.

"And I a grand carriage."

"I'd have a splendid house."

"Oh, I'd go home first," added a fourth.

"I think we'd all do that," chimed in three or four at once.

This sort of discussion was followed by comments on the old man, which, to say the

least, were not very complimentary; but there seemed a sort of honorable code among these wild rude boys never to betray each other, or repeat what was said against their master; so they all freely spoke their sentiments.

"Supposing some time we try our luck out in the world?" said Franc. "We have the boat all to ourselves; the old man often leaves us this way, and when we've learned a little more about this part of the country we can cut the cable and push off."

"It would be jolly, if we succeeded," said Pietro, "but not so much fun if we failed and were caught, as we would be most likely; for if Feretti found it out, he'd soon take after us with another boat, and you know. he can alone outrow us all together easy enough; besides, where would we go?"

"To our homes, if we could," replied Pietro, "but if we didn't find them, there would be plenty of persons to listen to our story, who would take pity on us, I am sure."

"Yes, that's true," answered Carl; "but I think we'd better wait till we get a little better chance than to-day, and are pretty sure we'll escape. I'm willing for one to do my part."

"So am I"—"And I"—"And I," was quickly echoed from one to another.

"But remember," continued Carl, "not a word about this to any one, or it's all over with

us." The boys placed their fingers on their lips as a token of silence, and also as a signal that Feretti was approaching.

He soon ordered the boat to be put off, while he distributed a few figs among them as a special favor, telling them to steer for the vessel that was just coming into port, and be ready for their afternoon's work.

It will be needless to follow Feretti and his band through their various wanderings; one day's experience was similar to all the others, the time being divided between rowing, fishing, diving, and shooting, the whip never being spared, as their bruised bodies plainly told.

It may seem strange that the old man could thus have conducted his wicked business without discovery by the authorities of the island; but he was wary and shrewd, told a smooth story of having adopted the poor orphan children, that he had given them a good home, this business of diving was only a pastime for them, etc., etc., and so he managed the matter year after year very successfully.

The plan which had been suggested by Franc on the day of Guidi's first trip, was not lost sight of. Many times they thought a favorable opportunity had occurred, when something would happen to prevent carrying it out just at the moment they were ready for it. At last, one day, when the boat was safely moored as

usual at noon, Feretti returned from taking his dinner, and unfastening the cable, told the boys to put out to sea, and try their luck with the nets for two or three hours, as there were no steamers then due, while he would leave them to attend to some business in the town.

As soon as he disappeared and they had fairly pushed off, Carl said:

"Now, my boys, is our chance; we never had the like before, and may never again; we'd better make the most of it. Guidi and Franc, you watch, keep a sharp lookout for Feretti, while the rest of us will put our hands to the oars and work for life or death." All did their best and were soon far away from the shore, though they kept it in sight as a sort of guide. In a few hours, they came to an island, which none of them remembered to have seen, but as they were making for it as a place of refuge, a sudden squall of wind arose, capsized their little bark, and before they could right it up, found them at the mercy of the rude waves. They battled bravely with them, borne on by the current they knew not whither. At length they separated from each other in spite of their efforts to keep together, and being nearly overcome by exhaustion, were on the point of giving up all further attempts to save themselves, when one of them noticed the capsized boat floating towards them; as soon as it was within reach,

they caught hold of it, supporting themselves as best they could. After drifting about with it for a while, they suddenly struck against something, and to their joy found it was the shore; but what or where they could not tell for the darkness prevented them from distinguishing anything around them. Overjoyed at this deliverance, they managed to pull the boat on land, and while still inverted with one end propped on a stone, they crawled under it to take their night's rest, as they had no way of doing better.

Being very tired, they all fell asleep in spite of hunger, wet clothes, etc., and did not wake till the sun was high in the heavens. They were roused by some one pounding on the boat. On crawling out, what was their surprise and dismay to find Feretti standing before them. At first, they knew not what to say or think, but quickly recovering themselves and putting on the best face possible, Carl, without entering into too minute particulars, said as they were sailing along, a sudden wind capsized the boat, and of all the boys, only those six had reached the shore, Guidi being among the number. He did not add what he probably supposed, that they might have been so fortunate as to have reached some friendly island among the many dotting the sea in all directions.

Feretti looked at the boys, hardly knowing what to do or say. He was provoked that so

many of his company were missing, because it was not easy to obtain others, or, if he did, to train them for the business in which he was engaged. However, as those who were saved he considered among his best divers, he was in a measure consoled for the loss of the others. There was no time to waste now; the boys must have something to eat, the boat needed refitting with ropes, sails, etc., etc., so as to be ready for the next steamer, which was expected in a few hours.

The many small shops along the shore soon supplied all that was wanting, and again they launched out upon the foaming sea.

Though Feretti was very shrewd and sharp, as we say, and congratulated himself upon seldom being outwitted by any one, yet in this case the little divers proved more than a match for him, as it never entered his mind that they would dare to attempt escaping from him. The boys themselves showed no sign of the chagrin they felt at the failure of their efforts, at least in presence of their master, although when alone they gave free vent to their feelings, resolving not to relinquish all hope of another trial.

Guidi, who had been well instructed by his mother, always followed the example of Carl to rise for his prayers after the other boys were asleep. Often then would they talk of the past,

present, and future, trying always to keep up a cheerful, hopeful heart.

One night, while thus talking together, Carl suggested a plan, when they were out, of diving on one side of the vessel, swimming under the water, and coming up on the opposite side, where Feretti would not see them; then, attracting the attention of the passengers, or sailors, by piteous cries, they might be taken on board, and thus escape; for, as he added, "No one who hears our story, and sees how we have been treated, can possibly refuse to help us."

Acting on this idea, a few days after, Carl succeeded in making good his escape, so that Feretti concluded, like others who had disappeared before him, he must have been drowned, and thought little more of it, except as a serious loss, now that so many of his troop were novices in the art of diving.

Guidi, encouraged by the success of his friend, determined to make a similar effort, although he wisely delayed a few days, in order to excite less suspicion. The result of his attempt we already know.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE IN NAPLES.

THE history contained in the previous chapter was in substance that repeated by Guidi to the admiral, Tony, and a few middies, who happened to be near at the time of his rescue. It was told partly in Italian, and partly in broken English, which, with his expressive gestures, so characteristic of his impassioned race, added much to the effect produced on his listeners. When his story was finished, fresh clothes were given him by little Harry Prescott, who was only too glad to see the little Italian dressed in one of his own nice suits. Just then the eight bells struck for dinner, and leaving Guidi with Tony, the rest hastened away, eager to relate all they knew of the little diver.

"We can keep him, can't we, Mr. Lawrence?" asked little Harry Prescott; "because you know we can study and play together and have such a good time; then he could teach me to speak Italian, too."

"I cannot decide until we visit Ajaccio; I will make some inquiries about him from persons there, and if I cannot find his mother, I am

perfectly willing he should remain with us; for I never would consent to his returning to his old master; he has already suffered too much for that."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said May, who was as much interested as any one in the fate of the little Italian. "I do hope he will find his mamma; but—but," and she hesitated a little; "but next to that, I hope he won't, so he can stay with us." And all laughed at the paradoxical speech of the little lady. "Well, I mean, I wish he could find her and stay with us too."

"I am afraid that is impossible," said Mrs. Prescott; "but we'll be very kind to him while he is here."

After dinner, Guidi was called up in the cabin. He was very pale and thin, but he seemed so happy, and his sparkling black eyes and joyous laugh gave him such a pleasant expression, that he really looked attractive as he repeatedly said:

"You so good to poor Guidi! Me so happy, I never thank you all. The good God, He thank you for me. I pray Him for you." then he would dance and clap his little hands for joy. In a little while he went on deck, as there was no danger of his being recognized even should his old master happen to see him, so completely had his dress changed him. As he was looking over the sea, Mr. Prescott asked

him if he saw Feretti with his boat. There were so many scattered in all directions, that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. At last, far off in the distance Guidi could just see the faint outline of the canoe, as it was bounding over the waves.

"He go home now, come here to-morrow; then I look and see him," was the reply. After playing with the children for a while and visiting Tony, to whom he seemed specially attached as he had rescued him from his hard fate, he retired to sleep in a little hammock which had been prepared for him; not forgetting, however, his simple prayers, which were more earnest than ever.

I wonder how many of my young readers really pray. I have no doubt that many, perhaps all of them, say prayers at night before going to bed, and in the morning after rising; but are they real, earnest, sincere petitions, or just a form of words which they have been taught, and merely repeat because mother or father has told them to do so. Others again will say their prayers if they are alone, but should any young friend happen to be near by and see them, then they are ashamed to be found kneeling, and so content themselves with repeating their hurried words after getting into bed. Shame on you, children, if you call this praying. Do you think the great God above

will pay any attention to such a farce as that? If you are ashamed to be seen talking to him, I am very much afraid he will one day say: "I know you not—depart."

In the first place, to pray as you ought, you must think of nothing but what you are doing—drive every other idea away. Then remember you are before that Mighty Being who sees and knows your every word, act, and thought. Be very sorry for the sins you have done, and tell him so, asking him to help you to do better in the future. Then tell him all your little trials and temptations; if you desire anything for yourself or others, beg him to grant it, just as you would your good father or mother for what you need or wanted very much. In short, to pray, is simply to talk to our Lord as you would to a dear friend whom you love very much, and who can give you whatever you desire. If you try this plan of "saying your prayers," I am very sure you will find you gain much more than if you only rattled off a few words without any thought or attention.

This world is only like a country through which we are travelling to reach another and I trust a far better land. Some are so foolish that they make no preparation for the great journey to Eternity until it is just time to start, then of course it is too late. By some strange fancy, they seem to think everything else is of

more importance than that. Poor deluded people! more silly even than a fool of whom I once heard. He lived far away from here, a long, long time ago. It was the custom in his country for the kings and noblemen to keep certain persons with them called fools or buffoons, who dressed very much like the clowns you see at a circus, and made sport for their masters by saying or doing ridiculous things. A nobleman, who had hired one of these jesters, gave him one day a staff, telling him to keep and use it until he found a greater fool than himself; then he should give it to him.

"Very well, I will do so, sir," was the reply.

"Years passed away: the nobleman, an old man, his face wrinkled and head silvered with age, was taken ill and about to die. Calling his buffoon to him, he said:

"I am going to leave you, and take a long journey?"

"Ah, indeed; where are you going, sir?"

"In truth, I do not know, but it is far from here, to another country."

"Did you know before now that you must take this journey?"

"Oh yes; from a child, I have been sure that I would go some time, but could not tell when."

"Do you know anything of the place or people where you are to go?"

"No, nothing at all."

"What preparation have you made for this long voyage?"

"None at all," was the sad reply.

"What!" said the servant in astonishment. "You have known all your life that you were to take this journey at some uncertain period, and yet have not tried to find out where it is, who are the people you will meet—in fact, have made no preparations whatever for it. Ah, then, sir, take this staff, which you remember to have given me years ago. You must be a greater fool than myself; for with all my folly, I never committed so senseless an act as that."

"You are right," said the nobleman; "I am in truth a greater fool than yourself."

So saying, he took the staff, and soon after died.

And yet there are millions on the earth as foolish as this nobleman. Be careful that you do not follow his example, or you will prove yourself but another fool.

The day after arriving in port, some of the ship's company took the boats for a visit to the town rendered famous as the birth-place of the great Bonaparte. There is nothing remarkable about the place, being like all other good sea-port towns on the Mediterranean. While passing through the market-place, which seemed the centre of attraction, judging from the crowds of people there assembled, they saw a fine monu-

ment, formed of a statue on a stone pedestal, erected in honor of Napoleon, bearing date May 5th, 1850. They then visited the naval school, which particularly pleased the young middies, who were warmly welcomed by the teachers and pupils, when the admiral had told them the object of their voyage. As many of the students were then out for drill exercise, their visitors had a chance to witness the skill with which they performed their manœuvres. The director-general of the academy, a relative of the Bonapartes, accepted the invitation extended by the admiral to dine with them next day on board the Neptune.

In this voyage, Mr. Lawrence designed that the manners as well as minds of his pupils should be cultivated, and it seemed to him there was no better way to accomplish it than by allowing them to associate with persons of refined tastes and habits, whose example would have a far more powerful effect than a month's lecture on the art of politeness without living models to study. And for this purpose he had them receive and return the visits of such persons, whenever an opportunity occurred.

On leaving the Naval Academy, they went to the hotel for their dinner, and then proceeded to visit the house where Bonaparte was born. The visitors were kindly received and shown through the various apartments, which are still

in a good state of preservation, although the antique furniture and general surroundings show that time has left its traces here and there. May, ever on the alert, gathered a few sprigs from the shrubbery, with some stones, as relics, having first obtained the permission of the guide, who, on observing her taste for such things, added a little vase, which he said had formerly been used by Napoleon when a child. Whether it was or not, May did not stop to question it for a moment, so that the gift was really as valuable to her as if the case had been as stated by the "showman," as the middies called him.

Having obtained from the director of the Naval Academy a letter to the mayor of the city, the admiral, with Mr. Prescott, called upon him, to ascertain what they could regarding Guidi. The middies meantime amused themselves strolling about the city, while the ladies and children returned to the hotel for rest.

When the mayor had read the letter, he politely asked the gentlemen to relate the history of the little Italian referred to. The admiral did so as briefly as possible, the mayor taking notes as he proceeded. When it was concluded, he said: "I thank you very much for the statement given, as it will aid me very much in finding out a wicked piece of business that has been carried on around our little island for some time.

If you will have the kindness to send one of your boats for me in the morning, I will go over to your vessel, and with the help of this little Guidi, of whom you speak, I may be able to track the man who has committed so many crimes."

The admiral readily promised what was desired, and after some general conversation the gentlemen took leave until they should meet the next day.

A boat was sent early in the morning for the mayor, who was kindly received by the admiral and his company. He proposed that they should go on deck, so as to watch for Feretti. In the course of an hour or so, after looking in the direction that Guidi pointed out as the one from which he usually came, suddenly the little fellow jumped up and shouted: "There he comes! He have one, two, three, four, five boy. Guidi make six, but him not there!" and he clapped his hands with joy at the thought. By the aid of spy-glasses they could distinctly see the boat pointed out by the little Italian, and which he knew but too well to require the aid of a spy-glass.

Quickly it danced over the waves, and was soon within hailing distance; to entice it still nearer, coins were thrown out by those on deck, when the little fellows bounded after the money as nimble and spry as ever. After watching

them for a while, they turned their attention to Feretti, who sat as usual giving orders and threats, though in so low a tone as to be heard only by the little divers; yet Guidi could easily guess what he was saying. The gentlemen in particular watched him carefully, his whole appearance, gestures, tone of voice, etc., so as to be able to identify him afterwards, if he should happen to escape. The little Italian called out in his native tongue: "Would you like to find Guidi again?" then hid himself, and began singing one of the little songs he had learned to carol while diving, and with which he knew Feretti was familiar. As soon as the old man heard it, he looked all around, but seeing nothing, again resumed his former position. Guidi now repeated his song, calling out: "Feretti, I see you, but you can't get me again."

This time the man stood up in his boat, his face pale with rage, looking as before in every direction; but there were so many vessels around him, as well as other boats, that he knew not where to trace the sound.

In a moment, however, as if suspecting some trouble might be in store for him if he lingered, he gave a sharp, shrill whistle with a horn he carried, when all the little divers dashed towards the boat, tumbled in, and the next moment the skiff was flying over the waters at swift speed, and was soon far out of sight.

"Are you not afraid you'll lose him?" asked one of the ladies.

"Oh! there's no fear. He may keep out of the way for a while, but I'll put some one on the watch for him or his boat; he thinks too much of his money, not to come back again before long," said the mayor.

The admiral prevailed on his visitor to remain and dine with the director-general, who was an old and esteemed friend. During the morning they tried to ascertain from little Guidi the name of the island where he lived with his mother, but he was so young at the time he left home, that he could not remember it. His description of it as a rocky place, with hills, groves, and the sea-shore all around it, where the people caught and packed sardines and other fish, would apply to so many similar places around, that this of itself was no guide. However, both the mayor and director promised to be on the alert, and do all they could to ascertain the whereabouts of the little Italian's mother.

Everything was done by the ship's company to render the visit of their guests agreeable; and when they took leave in the evening, both expressed themselves highly delighted, hoping at some future time they might have the honor of renewing the acquaintance.

The morning found our friends passing through the Straits of Bonifacio, steering direct

for Naples. Although the old sailors had frequently passed through these waters, yet as usual they found it required all their skill to navigate safely. As coral is very abundant there, they were able to obtain some fine specimens, many of the islands in the strait being of coral formation. Our travellers had frequently heard or read descriptions of the beauty of the scenery at the entrance to the bay of Naples, as well as through its entire extent, but nothing less than actually seeing it could give them an idea of the real loveliness which Nature here displays.

The sea and sky have a tint of beauty peculiarly their own, and seldom seen elsewhere. The winds, blowing soft and fresh, come laden with fragrance from the neighboring groves of orange, lemon, and other fruit-trees, mingled with the odor of the numerous tropical flowers that grow with such luxuriance in and around the city. The Neptune was allowed slowly to enter the harbor, that all might fully enjoy the charming scenery. And even when the ship's boats were lowered, still the company lingered on deck, unwilling to leave; but the view of the city itself promised other attractive scenes, and they were finally induced to go.

They found, on arriving at the landing, that there were five main entrances to the city. Having their passports duly examined, they

were at once admitted through the barriers, which were chiefly to prevent the entrance of provisions until the duties, or "gabella," should be paid on them.

As our friends intended to remain some days, the admiral secured the use of certain apartments just out of the city, where they could enjoy themselves at leisure without being annoyed by the bustle and ceremony of hotel-life. These apartments are kept ready furnished to let by the week or month; the occupants usually obtaining their meals at some of the neighboring restaurants, or cafés, with which the city abounds.

"Oh! ain't this just as nice as it can be?" said May, when fairly settled in their new quarters. "I believe I would like to stay here forever."

"That's what you always say, May, when you go to a place you like," chimed in Fred. "One time you seem to want to be a squirrel in the woods; then a fish in the sea; again a fixture in some museum or cabinet; now it's to live in Naples. I suppose the next place will be in the crater of the volcano near by; you'll surely have a chance then to see what you never have before. Why don't you pack up and start off now? I heard some one say, as we came through the city, they thought there would be an eruption soon, and you'd better be there to see it"

"Never mind, master Fred," was the laughing reply. "I'd like to see a little of Naples first, as we have but just arrived."

'Be sure, though, that you engage a place in the crater; you couldn't have a better place to see how the volcano works, when its going to blow up."

"Oh yes! I'll try to be in time; you needn't be at all troubled. As you seem so anxious about it, perhaps you had better go first and engage me a place, and take one for yourself too, for I believe you like to see curiosities and wonderful places as much as any one."

"But I don't think I'd run the risk of breaking my neck and tearing all my clothes off, just for the sake of seeing something new."

This pleasant bantering, which often took place between the two, was continued some time, until their father overhearing them, and fearing it might be carried too far, quietly suggested that "it would be just as well to talk about something else." Both took the hint and amused themselves watching the motley crowd of people as they passed continually under the windows.

On the day after their arrival, the admiral called with Dr. Harris upon the secretary of legation, to ascertain if any dispatches had been received there from England or France. They were kindly received by one of the attend-

ants, who told them the secretary was absent from the city, and would not probably return for some days. He, however, delivered a package of letters forwarded from England. They proved to be from friends in America; and were enclosed with one from their friend the consul. The gentlemen took leave immediately having left their card, with the request that any letters or packages which might come for them should be sent to their present address.

Without stopping to open the package, the admiral and his friend hastened back to their lodgings—holding up the letters as they entered the door. Then such a rush from every quarter! The old and young, grown people and children, all gathered in the open court, calling out, "Have I one?" "Who are they for?" "How many are there?" "Where are they from?" Indeed, it was a wonder how the magic news could have spread so quickly and gathered them all together so soon. When the admiral opened the package, he quickly distributed the contents, as each one stood breathlessly waiting for the name to be called. At last all were given, and each one blessed with a precious letter, no one being forgotten.

As these were the first received since leaving America, the joy and anxiety of all can easily be imagined—joy that they were not forgotten by the dear ones far away, and anxiety lest sad

news might be contained in some of the letters. But there was no cause for such a fear. Good news from every quarter—all were well; and eagerly watching for letters from the travellers, those which they had sent out from England not having been received at that time.

All were overjoyed; it seemed as if their happiness could not be greater. The letters were circulated from one to another as if by common consent: they had all become so united in heart, feeling like one family, that the joys and sorrows of one seemed to be those of the others. In the letter from Aunt Mary for the Prescotts was a wee note for little Lillie from Anna, containing many messages for all the rest; and very proud did the young lady feel as she carried her note around. After having it read to her several times, first by one and then another, she managed to repeat it herself, or, as she thought, could read it, although unfortunately the sheet would often be upside-down; but this made little difference to her.

After discussing the general news contained in the important package, May suddenly jumped up, as she was accustomed to do when any new idea struck her, and exclaimed:

"Supposing we all answer the letters now, while we are in the spirit of it."

"That's a good idea, May," said her father. 'We generally feel more like answering a letter

when first received, than if we defer it some days."

The suggestion was no sooner made than acted upon. Portfolios, desks, pens, ink, and paper were quickly produced, and then every one, quiet as a mouse, scribbled away for dear life—no sound except the occasional scratching of a pen, or now and then a little remark, as, "Don't forget to tell them this," "Remember such a place that we saw," etc. Even Lillie was furnished with pencil and paper, which she covered with strange hieroglyphics, intelligible only to herself; but having confidentially read it to dear old Aunt Cilly, May wrote the translation on the reverse of the sheet, as follows:

"DEAR ANNA:

"I am well. How do you do? We live in Naples now. I have got four kittens. They are on the Neptune. The people here look so queer! Tony will take care of my kittens. We go to a store to eat. Me and Aunt Cilly have such good times. Fred just brought me a doll. Sam is gooder to me all the time. My doll is dressed like the people here. I send you and Aunt Mary a kiss. You must write to me. Can't you come to see us?

"Good-bye. LILLIE."

The letters were soon ready; for the admiral

had proposed, when leaving America, that each one should note down any remarkable incidents that might occur, in a sort of journal-form, and these could be sent as letters to their friends, merely adding any little items that might be necessary. Consequently a good-sized package was soon prepared, with but little trouble at the time. It was sent off at once, as the steamer would leave for England that evening.

No regular expeditions were planned for visiting Naples: a few of the company together would stroll abroad whither their inclination might lead them; the gentlemen usually visiting some of the great public works, while the ladies would go to the parks or stores for pleasure. They could not but observe how happy were all the Neapolitans, laughing, chatting, and making merry, from morning till night. They spend so much of their time out of doors, that houses seem almost an unnecessary encumbrance. Not only their general work is done openly, but even the more private and particular duties—mothers not only washing and dressing their children on the street, but even sometimes inflicting punishment if necessary. These being settled customs of the country, no one appears to notice them. The visits are received and returned in public, except among the higher classes. There is such a cordial feeling existing among all classes that they never pass a

stranger or acquaintance without exchanging a kind greeting.

Our travellers were a little surprised, at first, to be accosted in this free and easy way; but they quickly fell into it, and would return the pleasant "Good morning," "A pleasant day to you," "I wish you happiness," as readily and kindly as it was given. As in all continental cities, there seemed to be two classes of people in Naples—the nobility, gentry, etc., and the peasantry.

Of the few public squares, our travellers one day visited the Villa Reale, where all the wealth and fashion of the city had assembled for pleasure and display. It was indeed a gay and attractive sight. But a few days after they strolled through the "Molo," a kind of park for the use of the peasantry: all agreed that here was more real, true pleasure than they had seen at the Villa Reale. Every one, old and young, appeared to have come for "a good time;" the very gayety of those already there seemed infectious to every new-comer. Games for the children, jests among the older persons, and mirth and happiness all round, such was the scene displayed every day at the Molo. Amusements of all kinds were furnished for a few grains (cents). Punch and Judy are seen at every turn, surrounded by a crowd of interested children, and often older persons, who seem to

take as much delight in watching the tricks of the puppets as the little ones themselves. In another place may be seen a trained dog, who, for a few more "grains," will perform his strange antics of bowing, dancing, leaping, etc. Monkeys and minstrels are as inseparable there as here—the guitar and hand-organ being the almost invariable instruments used.

Here again May concluded she would like to live, there was so much to see, and yet the scenes were continually changing. She thought she had seen an infinite variety of persons at the Liverpool wharf; that was nothing, however, to the sights at Naples. Every kind of costume, expression, manners, and style were here exhibited; surely no one could desire a better place to study human nature in its various phases. One morning, while some of the ladies and middies were out on a tour of discovery, they came to a fine building, which reminded them somewhat of soldiers' barracks, except that it was a little remodelled.

On inquiry they were told it was a public museum, or rather art gallery.

As May Prescott was among the number, she no sooner heard the name mentioned than she started forward to lead the way, taking it for granted that they would certainly visit the place. A look from her mother and a whispered "Don't forget yourself, my child," checked her

a little, although her eager, expressive face indicated how desirous she was to go in at once. When fairly within the spacious building she almost held her breath with wonder and delight, until Fred gave her a little pinch that brought her to her senses.

Far as the eye could reach were magnificent pieces of statuary, marble vases, urns, an endless variety of bronze figures—in short, everything that the art of the sculptor could design. The interest of the visitors was greatly increased on being told than many of the wonders in this collection had been taken from the ancient cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. May lingered behind the others to look at a beautiful Parian marble faun taken from Pompeii. She was not missed for some time, when Fred was sent to find her.

"Well, Dumpy, what are you about? I really thought you were lost."

"No indeed, Fred; but just come here and tell me if you ever saw anything so beautiful. How graceful the position! and so much expression in the face, it seems as if there must be life there. Oh dear!" and she sighed, as she always did when anything delighted her very much, which she could not possess.

"What's the matter, Dumpy?" the latter being a fanciful name she had acquired when a baby, and which was occasionally used now.

"I wish, oh dear, so much!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Oh, I can't tell; you'd only laugh at me if I did."

"I know already, so you needn't tell me, you wish you could stay here for ever; that's it, I'm sure."

"Yes, Fred, for I know I'd always be happy if I could; I never dreamed there was anything half so beautiful in the world before. Oh dear!" and another long sigh as she looked around and tried to drink in all the beauty at one draught.

"Yes," replied Fred, "it's the same old story. What's become of the Molo we visited a few days ago, the consul's museum, and all those other fine places where you were so bewitched?"

"But just to think, nearly all these things have been buried for hundreds and hundreds of years, off in Pompeii; it seems as if I was living again with those people who were so suddenly walled in by the lava; for I read not long ago something so interesting about that city and Herculaneum, that I can recall every bit of it as I see all these things, and it does make me want to stay, oh, so much!"

"Just wait a little longer," continued the tantalizing Fred, "before you settle down for life: remember you haven't been in the crater of Vesuvius yet, and I am sure you'll say that beats this all to nothing."

"I'd be ashamed, Fred, to talk that way. I believe you just love to tease me better than anything else in this world. But that's what all boys delight in doing, I know; the girls at school used to say they never had any peace when they were at home with their brothers."

"They didn't know how much they were worth, or they wouldn't have said that, I'm sure; you know you love me better than any of your brothers here, except Harry," and he gave her a kiss on one cheek, while he pinched the other.

"Of course, because he's the only brother I have here—a good reason why."

"But come on, May; they'll think we're both lost if we don't." So saying, Fred hastened away, while his sister reluctantly followed, casting many longing looks behind her as she was forced to leave all these wondrous beauties. May was one of those impulsive, impressible persons, who are easily captivated by whatever is attractive; but although the effect was often suddenly produced, yet it did not by any means so quickly vanish. For long afterwards she could recall the events and scenes she had witnessed so vividly, that she could experience all the emotions which they had at first excited; affording her a never-ending source of pleasure.

Fred and May joined their friends in the gallery of paintings, where were collected several hundred specimens by the finest artists. Many

of them were sacred subjects. One in particular, of the "Last Judgment," copied from the original one of Michael Angelo by his pupil and under the direction of the famous painter, impressed all who saw it. The artist seemed to have given to each face the very expression so solemn a scene would be likely to produce.

Among other treasures were some 1700 scrolls that had been taken from the ruins of the buried cities; when first found they were so charred by heat that the workmen, supposing them to be merely pieces of charcoal, destroyed them. When the mistake was discovered the remaining ones were carefully preserved. Since then a method for unrolling them has been discovered, so that about one-third of the manuscripts have already been translated. Many of them relate to the ancient philosophy of the Greeks and Romans.

In the apartment devoted to glass-works there were about 4000 specimens that had been dug out of the ruins, showing the great skill attained by the inhabitants of those famous cities. Many of the relics proved that what are supposed to be modern inventions are merely a revival of the arts of past ages, some of which we have failed even to equal, much less excel.

I fear my readers may think I have forgotten my promise not to bore them with descriptions of the "lions" of Europe. My intention in

making that promise, was to avoid those places and scenes with which every one is already more than familiar, and limit myself to others of which we hear or read less frequently. Should I occasionally fail, and encroach upon forbidden ground, I will trust to the forbearance of my readers to excuse me.

And here we must leave our friends to enjoy for some weeks the beauties of Naples and vicinity. Various events occurred to detain them there longer than they had at first expected.

What those occurrences were, will be easily known from the next book of this series. For should our readers and travellers have enjoyed each others' society sufficiently thus far to desire meeting again, they shall certainly have that pleasure soon.

Wishing both *un bon voyage*, I will make my adieux and retire.

THE END.